

The TATLER

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London
February 17, 1937



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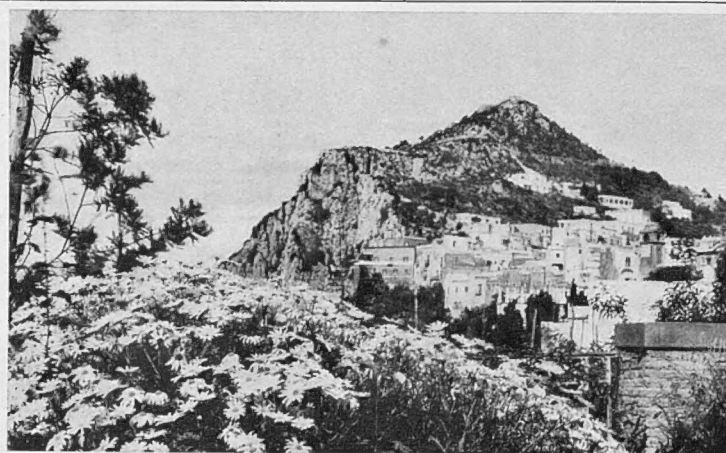
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The TATTLER

Vol. CXLIII. No. 1860. London, February 17, 1937

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H.M. QUEEN MARY AND H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER

Before the christening of their baby daughter on February 9, T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of Kent had a family luncheon party at 3, Belgrave Square. This charming photograph shows H.M. Queen Mary and H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester leaving for the private chapel at Buckingham Palace where the Archbishop of Canterbury performed the ceremony, assisted by Prebendary L. J. Percival. Water from the Jordan was used and little Princess Alexandra Helen Elizabeth Olga Christabel wore the Brussels lace robe in which Queen Victoria was christened. Later in the afternoon the Duchess of Gloucester went to Park Lane to open the Reynolds exhibition

PANORAMA



LADY ANN CHILD-VILLIERS

Whose engagement to Mr. Alexander Henry Elliot, son of the late Mr. Gilbert Elliot, was among last Wednesday's notable announcements. Lady Ann Child-Villiers, the younger daughter of the late Lord Jersey and of Lady Cynthia Slessor, will be twenty-one this year

Salmon and sermon have their season in Lent.

—FRENCH PROVERB.

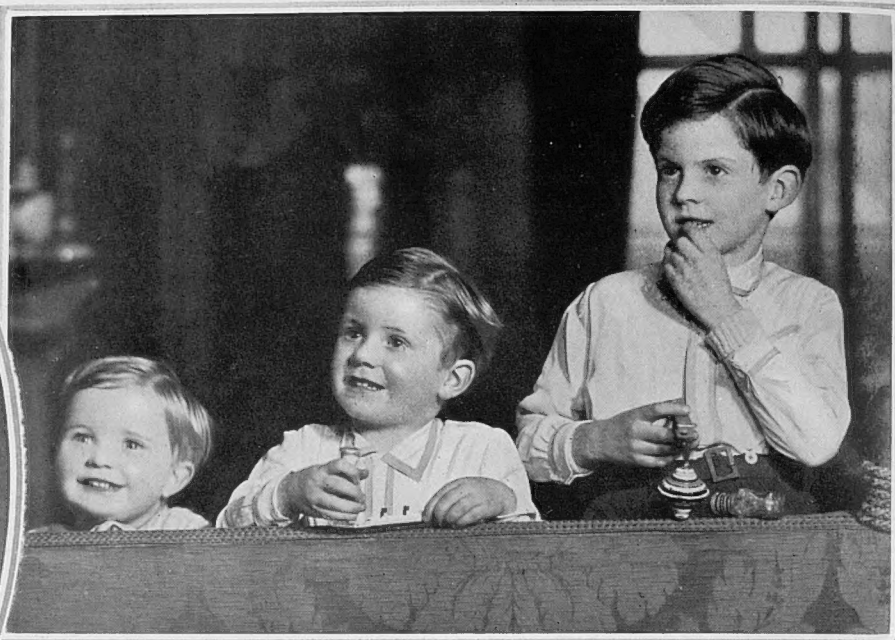
FEBRUARY, and the wily salmon flashes silver as he rushes the falls, fresh-run from the sea! The fisherman who awaits him in patience, with cunning and with skill will reap sooner or later his reward, but it is a sporting chance for both, and neither would ask more of life.

And there is our sermon, giving us an idea of beauty, adventure, and sportsmanship. In Lent or at any time we ask no more!

* * *

The Coronation is still three months ahead, but mothers of Coronation débutantes are already beginning to wear a worried look.

No general in warfare plans his campaign with greater thoroughness than the modern mother about to launch her daughter into the social whirl. Already there are taking place in Mayfair and Belgravia those rather dreary luncheons (commonly known as Mothers' Meetings) in order that mothers may meet others with social responsibilities similar to their own. "I shall be meeting fifty mothers next Tuesday," said one of them to me this week. She had been warned to go armed with cards for distribution, but only to those who intended giving a dance. Competi-



GRANDCHILDREN OF THE LATE GEORGE GROSSMITH:
PETER, TIMOTHY AND JOHN GEORGE

Their father, Mr. E. H. George, is Secretary of London Film Productions, Ltd., and their mother was, before her marriage, Miss Rosa Grossmith, a daughter of that great comedian, the late George Grossmith. Peter is two years old, Timothy four, and John Charles Grossmith George has reached the advanced age of six

tion to secure invitations for "debs" parties is so fierce that only those who are willing to entertain can hope to be entertained. The exchange of cards at these meetings has been so widespread as to lead to a new version of the Edwardian chestnut of the old lady who, starting out for a round of calls, sent her footman to get her cards from the mantelpiece and instructed him as to the number to be dropped at each house. It was not until he answered, "I am sorry, Madam, there is only the Jack left," in reply to an instruction, that she realised she had been distributing playing cards!

Actually, modern mothers do not call so assiduously as their Edwardian or even early Georgian predecessors of thirty years ago, or else there might be some truth in the yarn about the distraught mother who realised she had paid calls with cards collected at meetings of mothers!

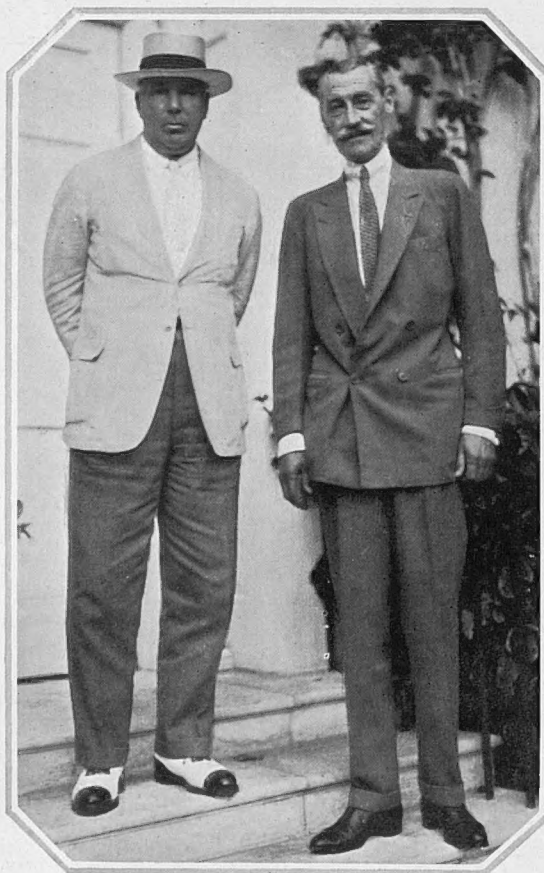
In any event, girls who come out in Coronation year can rely on getting as much dancing as they want. Indeed, the list of hostesses is already so long that two and even three are pooling resources and announcing dates for joint dances.

Important hostesses, equally with those not so well known, find themselves obliged to look ahead. Lady Zia Wernher, for example, has already chosen a date early in July for the dance she will be giving for her daughter Georgina.

* * *

I am hoping that some of those rich Americans who, we are told, will soon be arriving in London to share in our Coronation rejoicings, may take it into their heads to repay hospitality received over here by "throwing" a dance up to the best standards of luxury entertaining in the U.S.A.

Someone might, for example, take the Albert Hall (although it's probably booked up for every night already), line the whole of it with



AT PALM BEACH: MR RALPH B. STRASSBURGER AND COLONEL THE HON. WILFRED EGERTON

Mr. Strassburger, "Strassie" to his intimates, was the host and Lord Ellesmere's brother his guest at his pleasant abode at Palm Beach. Mr. Strassburger is famous in the turf world and his stud at Deauville is one of the finest in France. He sold Easton, second in the Derby, 1934, to the late Lord Woolavington

silver and white satin hangings, have fountains spraying soap bubbles illuminated with coloured lights scattered about the room, and huge bouquets of flowers mixed with silvered smilax in spare corners.

After that they might consider laying a miniature race course with real turf, and miniature horses and jockeys in attendance in the reception room, engage an orchestra of a hundred musicians, and a company of Hungarian gypsies to entertain the guests at supper.

And in case you think that the idea of such a "swell" party is merely a foolish flight of imagination, let me say at once that just such a party *was* given in Philadelphia the other day!

Americans are eager to spend money. Some of them were ready to pay something like four thousand guineas for a suitable house for a let of no longer than ten weeks! But what's more difficult to believe is that such an offer was definitely refused last week!

* * *

A favourite meeting place during the last week has been Sir Philip Sassoon's house in Park Lane. You pay to go in, but the money does not benefit London's most determined and most eligible bachelor, but the Royal Northern Hospital. Your good deed in coming entitles you to see over a hundred pictures by Sir Joshua Reynolds, lent mostly by private owners. To mention a few names, I found those of His



H.M. THE QUEEN AND PRINCESS ELIZABETH DRIVING TO THE ROYAL CHRISTENING

Their Majesties were two of the eight god-parents of the six-weeks old Princess Alexandra of Kent, their niece, daughter of T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of Kent. Princess Elizabeth, her younger sister, Princess Margaret, and also Prince Edward of Kent, the infant's little brother, were all present at the ceremony, during which the principal character is stated to have cried lustily and continuously

Majesty the King, the Marquess of Crewe, the Marquess of Lansdowne, Lord Spencer, Lord Halifax, and the Duke of Buccleuch on the catalogue.

With the exception of a seascape and a drawing or two, the exhibits are all portraits. I liked particularly the picture of Alexander 10th Earl of Eglinton. It normally hangs in Buckingham Palace, and

the original of the portrait was Lord of the Bedchamber to King George III. His bonnet, with a generous tuft of ostrich feathers at one side and his curly hair flying out behind his ears, no less than his general appearance, might qualify him for a model in a show of modern millinery. And I also had a penchant for Juno-



THE ROYAL CHRISTENING LAST WEEK: H.R.H. PRINCESS ALICE COUNTESS OF ATHLONE AND THE EARL OF ATHLONE

Leaving the Duke of Kent's house in Belgrave Square for the christening of T.R.H.'s baby daughter, the Princess Alexandra of Kent, which took place in the Private Chapel at Buckingham Palace on Feb. 9, His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury performing the rite. The Earl of Athlone, the infant's great-uncle, was one of the eight god-parents

esque Mrs. Lloyd, handsome and built on generous lines. I feel sure she never did a day's slimming in her life. She is shown engaged in

writing a name on a tree, a habit which is most severely reprimanded these unromantic days. The programme explained that the conceit was derived from *As You Like It*, and that it was her husband's name that she was writing!

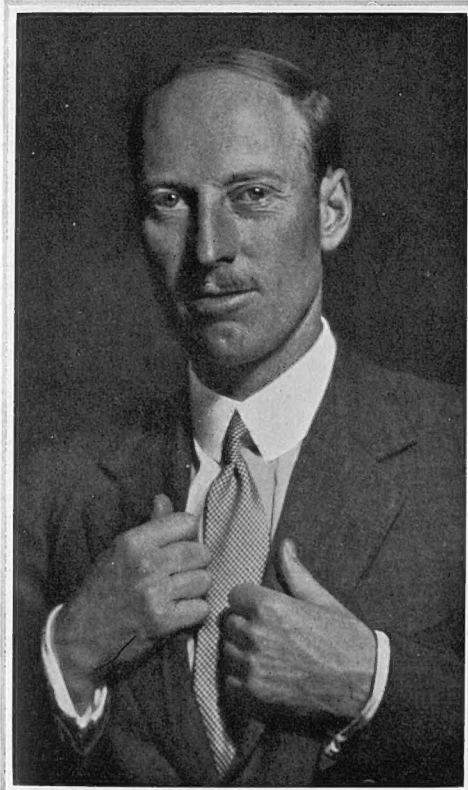
Mrs. David Gubbay, a cousin of Sir Philip, is "running" this show, as she does most of those given at 25, Park Lane. Her idea is that too many committee members spoil any undertaking, so she dispenses with a committee altogether, and these shows, which have now become annual fixtures, she runs entirely her own way.

The Duchess of Gloucester, who hurried away for the christening of the small Princess Alexandra of Kent, performed the opening ceremony; she still exhibits slight signs of shyness over public duties of this kind. But she looked so remarkably pretty as well as so extremely smart that one felt she should be bursting with self confidence. The touches of bright green in her velvet scarf and the ribbon on her sailor's cap, which was decorated with yellow, red, and purple primulas, was just what the fashion writers have been describing as the height of fashion in Paris.

Queen Mary saw the exhibition the day before her daughter-in-law opened it, and no doubt by this time other members of the Royal Family have been along to see the pictures and support a good cause. It is not often so easy to mix pleasure and duty.

Mrs. Baldwin did a conscientious tour of the show, stopping to exchange a few words with the Duchess at the start. Priscilla Lady Annesley, an Edwardian era beauty and still a remarkably handsome woman, was another early arrival.

(Continued overleaf)



Fayer of Vienna

THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH, THE NEW LORD STEWARD OF THE HOUSEHOLD

The Duke of Buccleuch, the eldest brother of H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester, and a brother-in-law of H.M. the King, succeeds the Duke of Sutherland as Lord Steward of the Royal Household. The Duke of Buccleuch is the Master of the famous pack of hounds which bears his family name

PANORAMA—continued

By the time you are reading this the latter will probably be in France, at Mougins, staying with Mary Countess Russell at her Riviera villa. Countess Russell, formerly Countess von Arnim, is one of the literary lights who find inspiration on the Riviera. Her villa with its blue shutters is high on the hills, some miles from the sea and far from the temptations of Casino and plage. Here the authoress of "Elizabeth and her German Garden" lives quietly with her dogs and writes an annual novel to delight her many readers. But if Lady Russell won't go to the amusements they come to her, for she has so many and varied a collection of friends that there is always a perpetual and rather pleasant atmosphere of surprise pervading the villa, which certainly adds to the interest and excitement of her guests and keeps Lady Russell herself perpetually and gloriously young. Old age is at least sixty per cent. an attitude of mind, and I know no one so vital, so alive, and so sympathetic with the young as Lady Russell, even though she swears that she prefers her dogs to people because they never disappoint her!

* * *
Queen Mary's appearance at film premières and picture shows have not been Her Majesty's sole sources of amusement. Now that she has come out of her retirement Her Majesty has been going about privately to friends, and last week the red carpet down outside Londonderry House meant that she was enjoying a quiet dinner with a few specially privileged people invited as guests.

And now that the Duchess of Kent is about again we may expect to see her and the Duke at some of the smarter grills and restaurants enjoying a happy tête à tête when they can find time to take an hour or two off from the round of public duties for which both the King's brothers and their wives are heavily booked.

Mrs. Ronnie Greville, who dined with the King and Queen last week, and Lady Londonderry are both hostesses whose names are high on any list of those privileged to entertain Royalty en famille; and Lady Granard is another

experienced entertainer of Royal guests, among whom have been persons as diverse as the late King George V and King Carol of Rumania.

* * *
It was good to find "King's weather" for the King's first State drive, although it was only a short one—from Buckingham Palace to St. James's Palace—for the first levée of the reign. It was the first "spectacle" of the Coronation Season and, as they always do, Londoners were quick to take advantage of the chance of a "free" as well as an impressive show.

Diplomats' uniforms lent added colour and dignity to the scene, and later a few of the wearers of these uniforms added interest to the crowd lunching at the Ritz. Especially did I notice a Hungarian uniform, whose wearer's name I can neither pronounce nor spell, but the sight of a gold-laced jacket, breeches and tall boots always rouses my regrets that the ordinary mufti designed for masculine wearers is so hopelessly uninteresting.

* * *
Rom Landau, the brilliant young Polish author of "God is My Adventure," left England last week on a most interesting journey *via* Palestine, Syria and Iraq to Juddia in Saudi Arabia, where he will meet King Ibn Saud of Arabia. Returning *via* the Black Sea, Odessa, and Moscow, his travels have a semi-official character in that it is being supported by the Ambassadors and Ministers of the different countries, who will arrange for him to meet the Kings, Prime Ministers, and heads of religions of each place he visits. Mr. Landau's aim is to collect first-hand knowledge of the spiritual tendencies in the modern Islamic world and to study the connection between man's religious urge and his political activities.

Mr. Landau has already journeyed half round the world on a man o'war, has lived as a native Arab, and has studied under Rudolf Steiner and Krishnamurti. A new book of his, "Thy Kingdom Come," was published last week which deals with the spiritual problems which have been brought to him from all over the world during the past eighteen months, while living in a Sussex farmhouse near Chichester.



LADY IRIS MOUNTBATTEN

Cannons of Hollywood

The very attractive only daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Carisbrooke makes her début this year and will be Presented to Their Majesties at the first Court of the season by her mother. Lady Iris Mountbatten, a great-granddaughter of Queen Victoria, was seventeen last month. She and her parents live at Kensington Palace, the home of her grandmother, H.R.H. Princess Beatrice. On the distaff side Lady Iris is a niece of the Earl of Londesborough. Her father, now a director of various important companies, served in the Great War with the Grenadier Guards

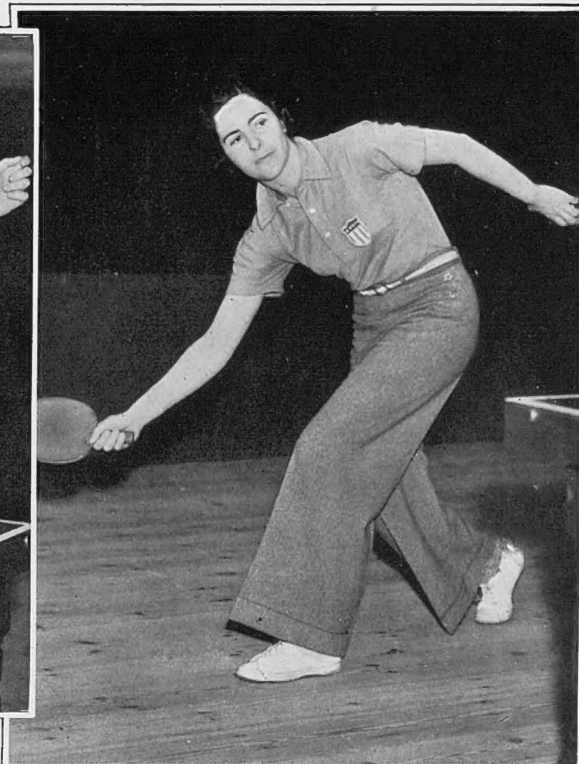
HARE AND EXERCISE



MISS RUTH AARONS (U.S.A.)
(Holder of British Open Table Tennis Championship)



MISS M. KETTNEROVA
(Czecho-Slovakia, ex-World Champion)



MISS EMILE FULLER
(One of the Ladies' Team from the U.S.A.)



THE WATERLOO CUP: MRS.
HOLT AND MRS. R. RANK



MRS. BOB LUCAS, OWNER OF
"DENDERA DEFENDER"



MRS. McNAIR WITH HER
"GOLDEN SEARCHLIGHT"

The pictures dealing with the "exercise" are at the top of this page, those concerning the "hare" at the bottom. The English Open Table Tennis Championships ended last week at the Paddington Baths, and drew a bumper entry of 328, representing 14 nations, and our pictures display some of the lady cracks on the winning day. Miss Ruth Aarons, holder of the British Open Championship on the spindle side, won her tie against Miss C. Wheaton, of St. Alban's, the day the camera got busy on her, and Miss Kettnerova, the Czecho-Slovakian star, beat Miss I. Ferenczy, of Hungary, with fair ease. All the people at the Waterloo seem to have been suitably rugged up for that coldest of sports. Mrs. R. Rank was one of the most particularly interested units of the large gallery, her husband's "Rotten Row," a 4 to 1 favourite at the time these pictures were taken, had reached the last four and given the onlookers a thrill when he beat two hares in one course; he subsequently won. Mrs. Bob Lucas's "Dendera Defender" was beaten by Major C. Blundell's "Brio" in the second ties, "Brio" himself being put out in the third round by Mr. Bradley's "Crusty Bread"

THE CINEMA

"The Plough and the Stars"

By JAMES AGATE

EITHER I am very much mistaken or *The Plough and the Stars* is a great play. It looms greatly in the mind like some vast building seen at night which you cannot, perhaps, accurately size up; one has to go back a long way to find anything finer than that last act. It might be objected that this is a mere bag of melodramatic bones, a glut of horrors in the Elizabethan sense. I suggest that such an objection would be founded less upon reason than upon the age's aversion from tragedy. Perhaps the world has supped too full of sorrow in these recent years to be eager for gratuitous presentation of grief. But Tragedy is unescapable both in the work in which it is presented and in the mind which conceives that work. This play is the outcome of a spirit strongly moved; it is Elizabethan in scope, in temper, and in pity. It deals, as the reader ought to remember, with events which happened in Dublin between November, 1915, and the following Easter. Its characters are the rag, tag, and bobtail of the slums, shiftless by nature, and romantic by temperament. They are all of them mighty phrase-makers; they are soil for the most grandiose flowers of speech. Yet what a lot they are if we stop to consider them dispassionately! There is Fluther Good, the drunken carpenter, whose abhorrence of the "derogatory" is only equalled by his knack of falling into it; Young Covey, the fitter, who has a passion for communism in the abstract and a practical taste in loot; Clitheroe, the bricklayer, whose patriotism and personal ambition are like a pair of horses pulling away from one another; Peter Flynn, the mindless labourer, eternally maundering about the grave of Wolfe Tone; Nora Clitheroe, sentimental, self-seeking, vaguely beneficent; Mrs. Gogan, the charwoman, with a ghoul's delight in all the appurtenances of death and burial; Bessie Burgess, the fruit-vendor, with vileness on her tongue and something that is not vileness in her heart; Rosie Redmond, street-walker and pure pragmatist. But it is the business of the dramatist to consider passionately, to abound so much in sympathy for his creatures that they take on life. These projections of Sean O'Casey's imagination live, and live with such an urgency and veracity that you feel moral censure to be impertinent. You may be appalled, but you do not blame; these people are alive, and you refrain from judging. But it would be a mistake to call the play gloomy throughout. It is nothing of the sort. It moves to its tragic close through scenes of high humour and rich, racy fooling about which there is something of the Elizabethan ring.

Hear now some of this play's tremendous dialogue. Here is a minor scene concerning no more than the catching of a common cold:—

Mrs. Gogan: Oh, you've got a cold on you, Fluther.

Fluther (carelessly): Ah, it's only a little one.

Mrs. Gogan: You'd want to be careful all th' same. I knew a woman, a big lump of a woman, red-faced an' round-bodied, a little awkward on her feet; you'd think, to look at her, she could put out her two arms an' lift a two-storeyed house on th' top of her head; got a ticklin' in her throat, an' a little cough, an' th' next mornin' she had a little catchin' in her chest, an' they had just time to wet her lips with a little rum, an' off she went.

Fluther (a little nervously): It's only a little cold I have; there's nothing derogatory wrong with me.

Mrs. Gogan: I dunno; there's many a man this minute lowerin' a pint, thinkin' of a woman, or pickin' out a winner, or doin' work as you're doin', while th' hearse dhraven be th' horses with the black plumes is dhrivin' up to his own hall door, an' a voice that he doesn't hear is muttherin' in his ear, "Earth to earth, an' ashes t' ashes, an' dust to dust."

Fluther (faintly): A man in th' pink o' health should have a holy horror of allowin' thoughts o' death to be festerin' in his mind, for (with a frightened cough), be God, I think I'm after gettin' a little catch in me chest that time. It's a creepy thing to be thinkin' about.

Mrs. Gogan: It is, an' it isn't; it's both bad an' good. It always gives meself a kind o' thresspassin' joy to feel meself movin' along in a mournin' coach, an' me thinkin' that, maybe, th' next funeral 'll be me own, an' glad, in a quiet way, that this is somebody else's.

Fluther: An' a curious kind of a gaspin' for breath—I hope there's nothin' derogatory wrong with me!

And now once more the story is repeated. The story is the old one of how, when it deals with great material, the cinema surely, remorselessly, and determinedly lets you down.

The Plough and the Stars, which I have seen several times, never fails as a play to move me as a great masterpiece. I have always found myself thinking of it for days after a performance. I had forgotten all about the film at the Regal called *The Plough and the Stars* before I had

crossed the pavement and hailed a taxi. The interesting thing about the play is the grandeur, the rich humanity of these mean and petty squabblers.

Fluther Good, when portrayed by Arthur Sinclair, was of Falstaffian size. With regard to him, as of the actor Munden, Lamb would have said that a pint of porter contemplated by him amounted to a Platonic idea; he understood a gill of whiskey in its quiddity; he stood wondering, among the shattered roofs and falling timbers, like primeval Man with the sun and the stars about him. In the play the Young Covey of that lovely and ever-lamented actor, Sydney Morgan, was a true member of Falstaff's army. Well do I remember thinking how much of Mistress Quickly there was about the Bessie Burgess of Sara Allgood, and how Maire O'Neill's Mrs. Gogan perfectly fulfilled one's idea of an Irish Doll Tearsheet of our day. It was like seeing Shakespeare come to life again. Barry Fitzgerald, who plays Fluther in this film, is a delightful actor in his way. But it is a little way. He does not dominate the scene as Sinclair did. His performance does not carry. You do not wait for him to come on again, and when he does he has to start all over again. He is not a main pillar of the film, but an ornament. I hardly noticed the Young Covey; and the women, with the possible exception of Una O'Connor as Mrs. Gogan, are just nothing at all. Always excepting Barbara Stanwyck, who as Nora insists on being a great deal too much. From the beginning of the film until the end she never stops emotionalising; and since, to use the best Marx phraseology, I "dislike her, anyway," this hysterical fussing doesn't help. Finally, Preston Foster's John Clitheroe begins well enough, but just wilts away.

The truth is obvious. Sean O'Casey writes a tragedy in four acts, three of which are indoors while one other takes place on the doorstep of a tenement house. The play is concerned entirely with what goes on in the minds of the characters, until the last minute, when the soldiers come in through the window. The screen adaptation is scheduled to run just over the hour, and half of this time is taken up with the main streets of Dublin and English soldiers careering about in armoured lorries, together with a full representation of the capture of the Post Office. The result is that O'Casey's tragedy is kicked into a corner, and we witness something which you can hardly tell from the film that depicted the Sidney Street Siege except that it is less exciting. O'Casey's play is crammed full of magnificent prose-poetry; there isn't a line of any kind of prose or poetry in the film. If I be confuted by passages taken bodily from the play I shall retort that they have lost so much savour in filming that they have become unrecognisable. The only phrase I recognised was Bessie's remark to Mrs. Gogan: "You mind your own business, ma'am, an' stupefy your foolishness be gettin' dhrunk!"



"FIRE OVER ENGLAND":
VIVIEN LEIGH AS CYNTHIA

Fire Over England is the Elizabethan film directed by Erich Pommer for London Film Productions. It is based on the novel by A. E. W. Mason and is a thrilling tale of the conflicts of England and Spain. Vivien Leigh is a very charming figure as Cynthia, granddaughter of Lord Burleigh, playing to the Michael of Laurence Olivier. Flora Robson takes the part of Queen Elizabeth and Raymond Massey is Philip of Spain. *Fire Over England* will be seen in London at the Leicester Square Theatre on Wednesday, February 24

DOG DAYS IN FEBRUARY



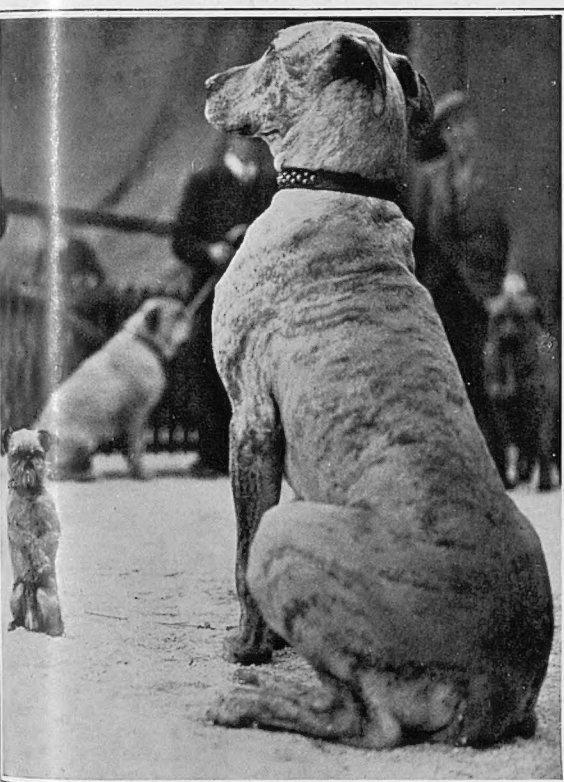
JOHN HUGHES WITH "MOLLY MALONE"
A ST. BERNARD



"GRAND DUCHESS
OLGA": A CHIHUAHUA



MRS. DULCIE RICE AND
HER BORZOIS

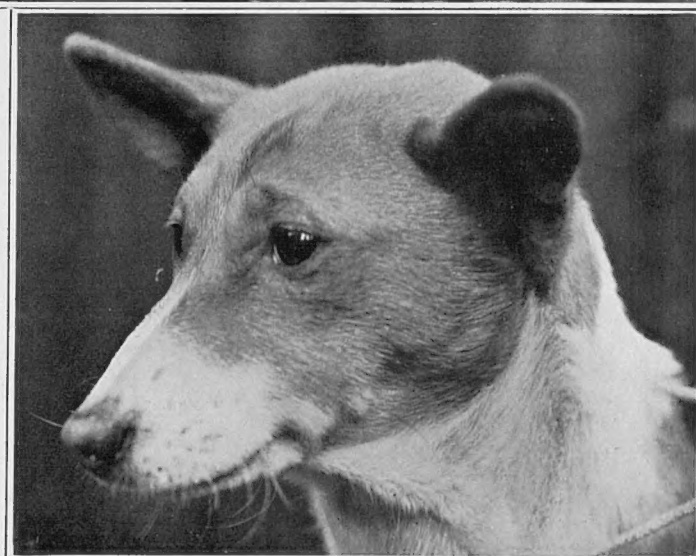


"IS IT COLD UP THERE, GUV'NOR?"
A GRIFFON AND A GREAT DANE



SANDRINGHAM
CLUMBERS:
"STERN,"
"SCRAMBLE,"
"SAMSON" AND
"SCAMP"

On right:
"FOXIE OF
BLEAN":
A BASENJI



Woolf's is the Mecca of the show-bred dog, and the subjects of these portraits were all in pursuit of the rewards of fashion in the judging-ring. Setting aside the show-bench points, there are obviously some very pleasant people among them. The St. Bernard is the traditional *Peter Pan* Nana. The Chihuahua comes from Mexico; he gets those ears from listening to the local politics. The Griffon Bruxellois is called "Tough Guy," and "Herald of Cuddington" appears not to impress him very much. The Clumber is the solemn elder brother of all spaniels; those in the picture are of King George V's famous strain; these spaniels were great favourites with the late King. The Basenji is a newcomer from the Congo, and they say it has no more bark than a skinned banana!

From the Shires and Provinces



A WHADDON PICTURE: SIR PETER FARQUHAR AND LORD ROSEBERY, THE JOINT-MASTERS

Sir Peter Farquhar was damaged early on in the season and it has put him out of action. He carries the horn and does it very well, having had previous experience with the Tedworth and the Meynell

Bank, while of the other five found in Grafton Wood another brace were accounted for after a good day's sport.

The Barton House meet produced some varying fortunes, weather all against us and progressively getting worse, and tragedy lurking near by, for David Summers' great horse got hopelessly into the brook near Weston and was drowned. All honour to the young Master of the Fitzwilliam, who pulled out to help in every way a man could, consequently missing the only gallop of the day. Let us hope he may repeat his visit and better luck attend him.

Thursday the fixture was at Southam, deservedly popular as ever, and attracting a crowd of hard-riding "foreigners." By the end of the day they had to ride hard, too, for a two-and-a-half-hours' hunt over the best of the country made a lot of them think a bit, and reduced a couple of hundred horsemen to three solitary individuals besides the officials. The young whipper-in who was being given a trial on this occasion must have wondered if this was a typical Warwickshire day!

The going was terribly deep and grief proportionately heavy. A certain percentage of the field "flung away ambition," and, not wishing to join the angelic hosts, took the gated road to Ladbroke, while a few more "old dogs" stuck to their "hard road"; but the thrusters were in the majority, easily distinguishable by smashed hats and muddy backs, and as for their unfortunate horses—our trusty friends, Messrs. Ringer and Stokes, were working overtime that night.

From the Warwickshire

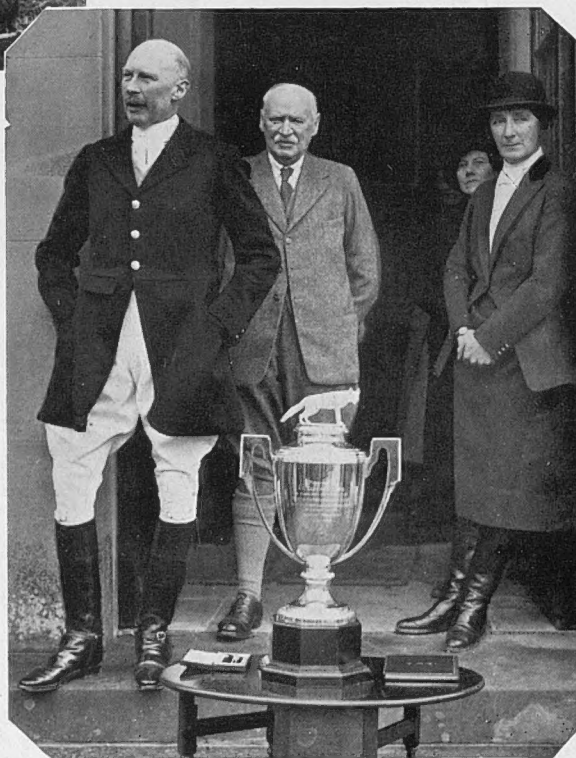
Mr. Parry was fifteen minutes late for Monday's tryst, a most unusual event and motor trouble the cause, but a leash of foxes was speedily on foot, one of which gave a fast and enjoyable hunt before he was killed at Grove

From the Grafton

Not such a big field as usual turned up on Friday, the abode of Colonel Collins, where much excellent port was consumed. A grand day's sport was enjoyed by those who came out. Finding in Weedon Bushes, hounds were soon away *via* Greens Park and eventually to Bucknills. The pace was fast, and there was much grief. The brook took toll of several, including Tidley, who not only got a wetting, but was jumped on by Jackie. Oh, fie! Most of the field got left in Bucknills, where the pack divided, but the few who followed Pope and about thirteen couple of hounds had a further grand hunt to Stowe Ridings. Later in the day, for those with second horses, there was a good run from Astwell Mill, and again some grief, the worst being poor Vi, who sustained a dislocated pelvis.

The Hunt ball to end up with at Wakefield Lawn, the residence of our Master, Lord Hillingdon, was a grand party, enjoyed by at least 300—really pre-war, with a sit-down supper in the old style. The going on Monday from their fixture, Stowe IX Churches, was indescribable. Is it ever going to stop raining? Fog made us late in moving off, but mercifully lifted.

A lot of scrambling about in Stowe Wood to start with, and two of the best coverts—Grimscote and Grubbs—blank! However, about thirty of us stayed on in the rain, and there ensued a grand hunt of ninety minutes, with the pace very fast.



A LONG-SERVICE AWARD

Mr. A. W. Gadesden, who has just retired from office after being Hon. Secretary to the North Herefordshire for 17 years, was recently presented by members of the Hunt with a most desirable silver cup, while Mrs. Gadesden received a diamond and platinum watch. In this photograph Mr. and Mrs. Gadesden are seen with Captain L. H. C. Burdon (left). The latter made the presentation as well as a deservedly eulogistic speech which was punctuated with enthusiastic "hear, hears"

From the Heythrop

The meet at Heythrop was the first day of February and also the first day of Lady Ashton of Hyde's appearance since her bad fall in the cub-hunting season, and everyone was very pleased to see her out again. It was a busy day with some awkward moments, or, alternatively, as Geoffrey Shakerley's horse would say, an awkward day with some busy moments; so busy, in fact, that he and his horse only just missed the post. Two of our ladies got caught up in wire, one being trapped by a fore-leg, and the other snared by a hind-leg; we understand that the official explanation is that this is the time of year to catch up the hens. Friday we met at Broadwell Hill, when a large field was refreshed by Lord and Lady Ashton of Hyde; the riders only, and not their horses, were refreshed, so that any bucking noticed as we moved off can be attributed to the powers of auto-suggestion. Dermot Daly's disguise was no doubt due to the Clerk of the Weather. So dirty is the going at the moment that many well-knowns were scarcely recognisable, including the secretary's daughter, who was fairly wallowing in the all too prevalent mud for a few unpleasant moments.

From the York and Ainsty

After some weeks of rumours, it is now announced that Major L. B. Holliday will succeed Lord Mountgarret as Master of the North pack next season, and we wish him the best of luck. Major Holliday is an old hand at the game, as he is at present Master of the Grove, and before that had the Derwent and Badsworth. The Northerners had a somewhat disappointing day after their Hollin Hall meet on Thursday (February 4), foxes being hard to find. One from Mackershaw gave a very twisty half-hour's hunt through Studley and back before beating hounds, whilst another, found in Hebden Wood, was equally unenterprising.

(Continued on p. 11)

BALLET, FILM AND CHARITY OCCASIONS



LORD AND LADY WINCHILSEA AT THE
OPENING OF THE BALLET RAMBERT



AT THE PREMIÈRE OF "MAZURKA": CAPTAIN
AND MRS. W. FORBES AND THE HON. LADY FOX



MISS NUTTING AND LORD ELTISLEY
AT THE CURZON CINEMA



LADY TICHBORNE AND LORD CULLEN OF
ASHBOURNE AT THE BALLET RAMBERT



ALSO AT THE CURZON: BARONESS
KOSKULL AND MR. NIGEL GUNNIS

There were several new entries in London's list of entertainments last week. One was the Ballet Rambert, at the Duchess Theatre. On the opening night the smart audience included Lord and Lady Winchilsea, up from Buckfield, their Hampshire home; Sir Anthony Doughty-Tichborne's wife, who was Miss Antonia Snagge until last year; and that popular young Sussex personality, Lord Cullen of Ashbourne. They all appeared highly appreciative of the programme, which featured, among other items, "The Descent of Hebe," a new ballet by Anthony Tudor.



LADY BEATRICE ORMSBY-GORE AND MR. ARTHUR
PENN AT A PAY PARTY AT 144, PICCADILLY

The English première of "Mazurka"—a German film which has as its leading light that famous star of silent pictures, Pola Negri—drew very big crowds to the Curzon on February 9th. This is the first film Willi Forst has directed since "Unfinished Symphony" and "Maskerade," and in the judgment of Paris, where it ran for five months, it is another masterpiece. The theme is a Continental criminal trial. Among early viewers were Lord Eltisley and his only daughter, the Hon. Lady Fox, who sat next to Captain and Mrs. Wallace Forbes. Lady Allendale's Pay Party for the Invalid Children's Aid Association had many supporters. Mr. Arthur Penn and Lady Beatrice Ormsby-Gore, wife of the Secretary of State for the Colonies, were two of them



THE AUTHOR OF "WHITE CARGO" AND HIS WIFE:
MR. AND MRS. LEON GORDON

The famous author of, amongst many others, that arresting play, "White Cargo," and his bride are on their honeymoon, and were collected by the never-sleeping camera when they arrived from Southampton at Waterloo Station, having then just arrived from America per S.S. *Aquilania*

Biography of Another Tyrant.

THE Few always spoil everything for the Many—that seems to be one of the axioms of human life. The Few make war; the Few tyrannise over their fellow-men; the Few create riots and revolutions; even the Few in business usually take advantage of pleasant privileges to make disorder; while one disagreeable family can utterly ruin the amenities of a whole street. Usually the Few are inspired by no lovelier emotion than selfishness, greed and ambition; but so powerful are these demands in the people who hold them that, strangely enough, the Many are rendered unhappy, perhaps even led to the slaughter, in order that this tyranny may be fulfilled or pacified. We are indeed like sheep when the driver shouts loud enough. Even in the bosom of a family the selfish one always gets the best of everything, not because he deserves it, but because the others will do almost anything to avoid turmoil. It is a strange state of affairs that the world is full of camels labouring under the penultimate "straw"; bearing the burden placed upon them usually by someone who is solely after his own ambitious ends.

Thus Mr. Thomas Rourke's biography of Vincente Gómez, entitled "Tyrant of the Andes" (Michael Joseph; 12s. 6d.), is for the greater part simply the story of every tyrant since human history began. He gained absolute power by intrigue; he kept it by physical fear. It was no great credit to the nation he subjugated that within forty-eight hours after his death his demise was greeted by cheers of joy, and, in place of pictures representing the late dictator as a noble-minded patriot, hideous caricatures appeared everywhere. They should have done something about it while he lived. The trouble is that tyrants always unite better than their victims—who, for the most part, are content to wail, gnash their teeth and conform. One sometimes feels that the hatred of the tyrant is not outweighed by contempt for the "sheep" he drives. Vincente Gómez was a middle-aged man, illiterate, "animal" in his appetites, credulous and ignorant,

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

when he seized power on the death of Castro, and henceforward held it by torture, rapine and bodily fear.

Mr. Rourke tells us: "Four years before, at forty-two, he had been an obscure mountain peon. He had never seen a city, never seen the sea, never been more than a few miles away from the place where he was born. In four years' time he had come to be the most powerful man in his country, to have occupied the Presidency, to have directed large armies over the whole area of his country, to have commanded steam-driven war vessels, to have utilised such modern and, to him, un-understandable machines as telegraph, telephone and railway. . . . How could he have learned so much in so short a time? He couldn't have learned it. It was impossible. It was more than learning, it was instinctive knowledge, it was something he was born with." And so it is with all bullies and tyrants, even those who merely gain small ends by irritating means. Instinctively they know human weakness and terrify it. This interesting study of his "reign" is the story of torture, intrigue and violence such as probably the world has seldom known. But it succeeded. It gave Gómez the enormous wealth he sought, the unshakable power he demanded; the abject fear which flattered his vanity.

Although, metaphorically speaking, he made a shilling for himself, his friends made tuppence and were satisfied. One cannot withhold a certain admiration for his shrewdness. Abroad he gained the reputation for being "advanced." Yet all the improvements he gave his country were primarily gain for himself first of all. New roads, for example, were made, but they were all either of military advantage for his own troops, or led directly to his numerous palaces, where he himself lived, or to where his innumerable mistresses had their villas. Even in small things he was crafty. "His usual method of procedure with a foreigner seeking to establish a business of some sort in the country went something like this. Suppose the business to be ice-cream-making by modern methods, or the establishment of an American-type soda-fountain. The man would be given every encouragement. Of course. By all means; Venezuela needs modern things of that sort. Everything would be done to make matters easy for him. The business would be opened up, and begin to pay a little. Then something happened. The man and his business had been watched very carefully. Somewhere near him, possibly right next door, another establishment opened up, similar to his, this one owned by one of the many relatives of Gómez, or his in-laws. But this new establishment had advantages. Everything it used . . . came in duty free under government frank. And besides, the foreigner found himself swamped with all sorts of ridiculous taxes. He couldn't compete and he had to close down."

Really, one cannot help feeling a certain grudging admiration for the man as Mr. Rourke tells us his story. He represented greed and ambition brought to the nth degree. Under pretence of preserving the peace of the country and making it a land fit for foreigners to travel in, he forbade the owning of firearms—except, of course, by his own followers. It left his enemies unarmed, and even those who plotted his overthrow from abroad as exiles were spied upon and watched by Government emissaries, so they had only to make one false move to be brought back, tortured in an unmentionable way, and eventually shot. All tyrannies are preserved on a vast system, and the tyranny of Vincente Gómez

(Continued on page 288,



MR. AND MRS. HENRY ANDREWS (REBECCA WEST)

The picture was taken just before they set sail in the French ocean greyhound *Normandie*. Rebecca West, née Cicily Fairfield, long ago won her spurs in the fair fields of renown in literature. Her last book was "The Thinking Reed" (1936)



H.R.H.
THE DUKE
OF
WINDSOR
AT
SCHLOSS
ENZESFELD

The picture of H.R.H. appearing on this page was taken exclusively for this paper at the Schloss Enzesfeld, where, ever since his abdication, the Duke of Windsor has been the guest of the Baron de Rothschild. H.R.H. has recently been visited by his sister, H.R.H. the Princess Royal, and her husband, the Earl of Harewood. H.R.H. the Duke of Windsor's love of hard exercise is well known, and during the time he has been in Austria this winter he has been keeping himself fit ski-ing and by every available form of athletic activity

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

was, according to Mr. Rourke, a perfectly working machine. As the story of such a tyranny the book gives a vivid and horrible picture. There is a moral in it, as well as a warning, but the world won't heed either. The tyrant and all he means in pain and slaughter will continue to reappear, for always he has the "manner," and always he can talk. Alas! humanity is so easily gulled by both. It seems so strange! And of this "strangeness" Mr. Rourke's "Tyrant of the Andes" gives a perfect picture. It makes your blood boil. But have you never noticed this characteristic of "boiling blood"? It simmers for ages and then boils up—too late. Or, rather, so late that what might have been easy and effective becomes difficult and agonising.

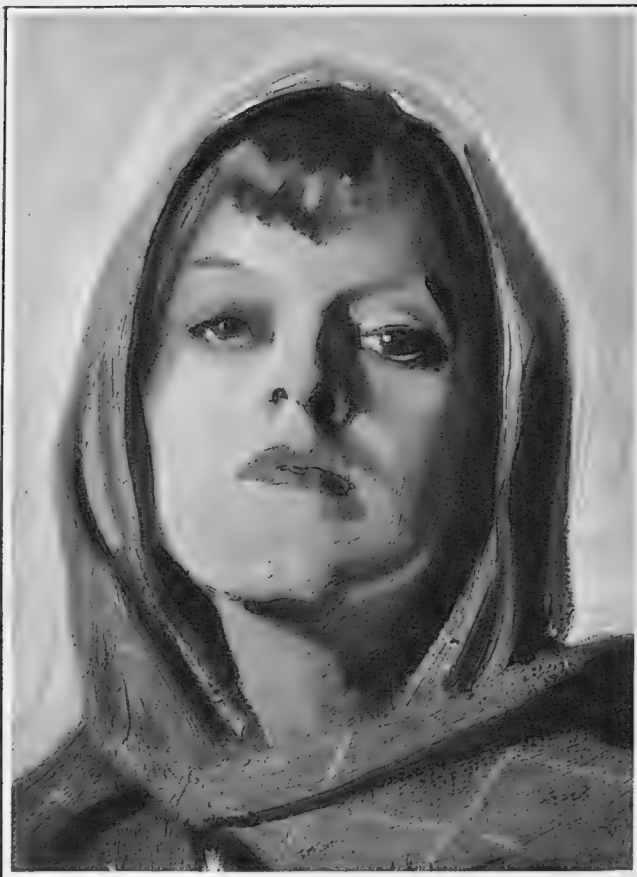
A Tale of the Irish Famine.

I closed Mr. Liam O'Flaherty's terribly moving story of the Irish Famine of the eighteen-forties—"Famine" (Gollancz; 8s. 6d.)—under the impression that it is one of the most pathetic tales of ghastly poverty I have ever read. Really it is a documentary account, rather than a novel; but in both aspects it is haunting to such a degree that at moments it is unbearable. Poverty is, I always consider, next to ill-health, one of the most sordid of all life's tragedies to bear up against. But this story is a story of something more than poverty; it is the tale of actual starvation. The total disintegration of a whole community brought to despair by natural laws. Impossible either to escape or to prevent. Already, even in good years, these Irish peasants were living close to the poverty-line, but a good potato-crop at least saved them from actual starvation. In the

eighteen-forties, however, potato disease attacked the crops during two successive years. It came upon them as a flood might come upon them, slowly, relentlessly; worse than any flood, perhaps, because there was no escape. They just had to struggle on as best they could, watching the whole of their capital, all their labours, being slowly eaten away, powerless to prevent complete disaster. And in those sanctimonious Victorian days they had to suffer alone. True, at the very height of the famine a few English gentlemen rode by, offering money after a cross-examination which was revolting. Otherwise the English Government stood by, thinking of ways and means, and—like so many English Governments—only finding them after the trouble had reached a point beyond relief.

As for the local British representatives of the landlords living far away, they were the worst kind of tyrant—the tyrant who himself can only live by the exercise of his tyranny. The end of the famine saw a whole countryside dead or starving, unless, peradventure, the whole family was broken up by forced emigration. Only death was the alternative to this. One of the most poignant scenes in this most poignant novel is the one in which the old folks watch the young ones, for whom they had laboured and built up their tiny farms, being shipped over to America, from whence they knew they would

never return so long as they, the old folks, would be alive to give them welcome home. The story itself concerns a small Irish community of peasants who were thus brought to death and starvation by famine and the utter lack of sympathy displayed by the British Government of that time. Each character is a living human being, and this makes the tale of their tragedy the more interesting, as well as the more pathetic. As one lives with them—or seems to do so—one becomes the more deeply moved by their tragedy, the more angry at the small amount of official succour they received. Not for a long time have I read a novel which is more "real," more impressive, or more emotionally dramatic.



A PORTRAIT STUDY

The subject of the above picture, which is now on exhibition in Edinburgh, is the beautiful wife of the well-known portrait artist, Mr. Cowan Dobson, who, in his lighter moments, is a very skilful amateur conjuror and ventriloquist, rare and amusing accomplishments.

Mrs. Cowan Dobson was formerly Miss Phyllis Bowyer

Thoughts from "Famine."

"There are some people who are a curse to themselves and to their neighbours."

"When Government is an expression of the people's will, a menace to any section of the community rouses the authorities to protective action. Under a tyranny the only active forces of government are those of coercion. Unless the interests of the ruling class are threatened, authority remains indifferent."

"Contact with others corrupts the ideal."

Murder in a Brewery.

I come down to story, pure and simple, when reviewing Mr. Nicholas Blake's mystery yarn, "There's Trouble Brewing" (Collins; 7s. 6d.). The murdered man, a particularly nasty old gentleman named Eustace Bunnett, is discovered in an open copper of his own brewery; the body completely boiled away, but the clothes, so necessary for identity, found almost intact—to say nothing of his false teeth. Now, almost everybody in the story would like to have murdered him if they could have got away with it without that amateur detective, Nigel Strangeways, "sleuthing" around. Personally I would not have cared for him around any-

way. He is a most irritating young man, very patronising, and inclined to utter Latin "tags" and always be the "life and soul," even of a funeral—his effort at "charm" apparently. So that, although I knew he would eventually lay the real murderer by the heels in the face of Scotland Yard and the local police, I would have wished Inspector Tyler more success; although he was the usual pompous "blitherer" of the usual detective story. However, if Mr. Blake's characters are not very convincing, he keeps up the mystery of who murdered Mr. Bunnett, if that Mr. Bunnett were murdered, in grand style. Not that it is particularly difficult to guess who was the real criminal almost from the start—that is, if you are used to the "clues" and "red herrings" of detective fiction—but the false scents are admirably laid down. So that the "why" a Mr. Bunnett was murdered becomes more exciting than the "who." At any rate, it is quite a good average among detective novels, and the "lay" of the corpse certainly lends it novelty.

"LOVE ON THE RUN"



CLARK GABLE AND JOAN CRAWFORD
(ALSO ON RIGHT)



FRANCHOT TONE AND JOAN CRAWFORD

"Love on the Run" is the most amusing M.-G.-M. picture now showing at the Empire. It is concerned with the adventures of one Sally, an heiress who "whips round at the gate and bolts" just before her marriage to an impoverished princeling. Two young newspaper men, in the persons of Clark Gable and Franchot Tone, assist her in her flight, simultaneously competing with each other in cut-throat fashion for "scoop-stories" of her adventures for their papers. Added to all this are a villainous Baron and Baroness, some stolen papers and unlimited "pinched" lorries, "borrowed" aeroplanes and snatched opportunities. Franchot Tone, as Barney, is the unfortunate mug who is always left about a jump-and-a-half behind by Michael, his astute friend and rival, who finishes up by snaffling the plans, the 'plane, the girl (who is the lovely Joan Crawford) 'n everything



ON WITH THE DANCE!: CLARK GABLE AND JOAN CRAWFORD
IN MERRY MOOD



MARRIED LAST WEEK: SIR WILLIAM
AND LADY GARTHWAITE

The marriage of Sir William Garthwaite, who is a big figure in the underwriting and ship-owning worlds, to Madame Gladys Galie took place at Caxton Hall Register Office last week. Sir William Garthwaite was created a Baronet in 1919, and not the least of his services to the nation was his interest in the development of the famous "Q" ships during the war. He presented two of them to the Admiralty—H.M.S. *Prize* and H.M.S. *Adventuress*.

THESE overseas tours are not the jam and honey that so many people imagine them to be. How nice, they may think, to sail away to sunshine and South Africa with all one's expenses paid! Don't you believe it. Ask Padgham and Cox and Dailey and Mitchell, a few years hence, what is the hardest period of work that they remember, and they will probably tell you: "That tour in South Africa in 1936-7."

The constant shifting from place to place, everlastingly in search of golf, is in their case aggravated by the remarkable differences in atmosphere. Down at Durban and the courses by the coast, weather conditions are not abnormal: six thousand feet up at Johannesburg, the atmosphere is so rarefied that the newcomer is exhausted at the end of his first round. That, at any rate, was the experience of Brigadier-General A. C. Critchley, who has just come home from South Africa, where he has been in contact with our touring team.

Golfing conditions, too, take a little understanding. The first hole that

CONCERNING GOLF

By
HENRY LONGHURST

the General played, for instance; measured 540 yards; he hit a "reasonable" drive, and then went over the green with a mashie! Such length would make low scoring a comparatively simple matter, were it not for the extraordinary nap on the greens. The grass, apparently, grows towards the sun, with the result that you have to hit about twice as hard against the nap as with it; while across the nap a putt that appears straight may sometimes need a borrow of a foot or more. The General told a story of Sid Brews pointing out a "straight" putt of about 12 feet and offering to lay anyone twenty to one against holing it first time.

The great success of the tour has been W. J. Cox, whose cheerful personality has survived all the rigours of constant golf, travel and hospitality. Padgham has been driven nearly off his head by the greens, but one cannot imagine his customary imperturbability breaking down under the strain. Mitchell has "never looked better," but Dailey has been a sick man almost from the day they landed. Which only goes to show that to try to run one of these tours without a reserve player is courting disaster. Strange food, strange climate, strange people, travel and golf, golf and travel—no; it is asking too much of human nature to expect a man to stand it without missing a match.

General Critchley was highly impressed by the young South African amateurs who are to come over to Britain on a similar friendly tour this summer, particularly with C. Olander (accent on the first syllable, please). He thinks that we ought to play an official sort of Test Match against them, though that is a term that does not appeal to him, and furthermore, that unless we put into the field our very best four players, we should probably lose.

As it is, the South Africans will play various matches against Societies, but not, as it were, an official "Walker Cup" match. They will play the Oxford and Cambridge Society at Addington on May 9th, and the Moles at Woking on the day before. To my mind, this is all to the good—but that is not a view shared by the General. For myself—and it is a view that has more than once been expressed in these columns—I like playing golf overseas, and with representatives of overseas countries; but I don't like official contests. The General's view, shared by a great number of people, is that sport now plays a tremendous part, rightly or wrongly, in international relations, and, as such, can no longer be disregarded. Therefore, since we are forced to participate in it, we may as well participate to the very best of our ability—may as well make sure, for instance, that we do not make such an exhibition of ourselves in golf as we did in the Olympic Games.



AT THE HENDON GOLF CLUB DINNER: MR. ROWLAND THOMAS, K.C.,
AND MR. G. D. ROBERTS

At the dinner of the Hendon Golf Club "Mel" secured this fine right-and-left. Taking it as a left-and-right it consists of Mr. Rowland Thomas, K.C., who proposed the toast of "The Visitors," and Mr. G. D. ("Khaki") Roberts, whose distinguished career at the Bar is a just sequel to his celebrity on the golf-links and the strenuous fields of Rugger.

GOLF CLUBS AND GOLFERS



WESTGATE-ON-SEA AND BIRCHINGTON GOLF CLUB—BY “MEL”

Westgate-on-Sea and Birchington is easily accessible from Margate, a frequent service of buses passing the Club-house. It is within 300 yards of Westgate-on-Sea railway station. The visitor can be sure of excellent greens and a not too strenuous test of golf. “Mel” gathered the above gallery on the day after the Club’s annual dinner (which does not appear to have done the members any harm!). Miss Wanda Morgan is too prominent a figure in golfing circles to need detailed description here. A local authority informs us that Mr. L. A. Glaisby, the ex-captain, is an even better performer when fiddling on a muted string than when knouting with a niblick. Mr. Engle, the president, employs himself, when not golfing, in telling important oil companies where they get off—if they ever do. Mr. Read, the proprietor, has withheld the course from the speculative builder for years, to the great benefit of all concerned. Jack Hickman, the professional, is one of a family famed in Kent for skill in teaching the intricacies of this most arduous game



CAPTAIN H. D. HULTON-HARROP, M.F.H., TALKING
TO MAJOR REX HOLCROFT AND HIS SISTER

STOP HERE FOR SALOPIANS

The South Shropshire Hunt Ball at Shrewsbury



MAJOR J. S. MELLOR, THE HON. MRS. WHITAKER, MRS. W. E. GATACRE, MAJOR GATACRE, M.F.H., AND MAJOR WHITAKER



MR. W. F. H. KEMPSTER AND HIS FIANCÉE, MISS A. M. COCK, AND
MISS K. U. COCK AND MR. IVOR REEVES, WHO ARE ALSO ENGAGED



MR. G. M. LING AND COLONEL SIR R. LEIGHTON
BOOKING DANCES WITH MISS D. GATACRE



MR. AND MRS. R. P. DE S. CHURCHWARD WITH MR. E. M. LING
AND MISS D. GATACRE, DAUGHTER OF THE MASTER

Photographs: Truman Howell

Tickets sold exceedingly well for this year's South Shropshire Hunt Ball, held at Shrewsbury. Supporters naturally included the Master, Major W. E. Gatacre, who took office in 1934 after being Master of the East Devon for five seasons. Shropshire is very much his home country, his family having owned land there since the thirteenth century. Major James Whitaker, another eminent Salopian and a former Master of the South Shropshire and of the Albrighton, married the late Lord Forester's daughter. Their son-in-law, Mr. Churchward, is the author of "Wilderness of Fools," recently reviewed in this paper. This book deals with his adventures as a member of the expedition which went in search of Colonel Fawcett, the explorer lost in the Amazon regions. The three daughters of Mrs. Harold Cock announced their engagements simultaneously a short time ago. Two of them appear here with their fiancés, who are both in the K.S.L.I. Major J. S. Mellor, 4/7th Dragoon Guards, is D.A.A. and Q.M.G. Welsh Area

A BEAUTIFUL MOTHER AND DAUGHTER



MRS. JOHN DEWAR AND
HER DAUGHTER, BARBARA



TWO MORE STUDIES OF
MRS. DEWAR ON RIGHT

Mrs. John Dewar's daughter, by her first marriage, is Miss Barbara McNeill and bears a striking resemblance to her beautiful mother, who married Mr. John Dewar in 1932, the year after he won the Two Thousand and the Derby with that smashing good colt Cameronian, which he inherited with all his other horses from his uncle, the late Lord Dewar. It was not long before this (1929) that the Jockey Club passed the decree that death should not make entries void. But for this Cameronian would never have been able to run in either of these classics as his original owner's death would have barred him. Lord Dewar, who died in 1930, bred Cameronian, and the colt was by Lord Derby's Pharos—who was really a good horse and not merely a fair 'oss, and ran second in the Derby—out of Una Cameron

Photographs: Dorothy Wilding, Old Bond Street



RACING IN THE HOT SPOTS: AT LAGOS AND IBADAN, NIGERIA

MR. N. C. LEVY WITH
MRS. K. S. BRADSHAWH.E. SIR BERNARD BOURDILLON,
GOVERNOR OF NIGERIATHE CHIEF JUSTICE, SIR DONALD KINGDON, K.C.,
AND MR. JUSTICE C. CAREYMRS. W. R. OULTON AND
MRS. W. D. MACGREGORCAPTAIN AND MRS. F. W. GRAY
AND MRS. HENDERSONTWO OF THE OWNERS:
MR. S. KHALIL AND MR. L. CHEMOR

Racing is a strong feature in Nigeria; it is centred in the Lagos, Abokuta and Ibadan Clubs in the South and at Kano and Jos in the North. These photographs were taken at meetings at Lagos and Ibadan. Naturally, on such occasions all the world and his wife, European and native, turns out, since racing is probably the only sport which appeals to everyone, from a Hottentot to an Eskimo. Mrs. Bradshaw is the wife of the resident agent of John Holt and Co., of Liverpool. Sir Bernard Bourdillon is Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Nigeria. He has been, previously, Counsellor to the High Commissioner for Iraq, Colonial Secretary in Ceylon, and Governor of Uganda; he is thus well experienced in high temperatures as well as in administration. Sir Donald Kingdon is Chief Justice of the Supreme Court and also Chairman of the Lagos Race Club and a Steward (which latter office is sometimes—though we do not say it is at Lagos—apt to be somewhat onerous and complicated on Colonial race-courses). Mrs. W. R. Oulton's husband, Major Oulton, ran third with Astral at Ibadan and our photographer, a local, informs us that "she has a lot to do with horse games." She is a recent winner in a gymkhana at Abokuta. Mrs. Gray was, until January 1936, Miss Helen Malcolm and she is a sister of Sir Michael Malcolm of Balbedie. Captain Grey is in the Nigerian railways. Messrs. Khalil and Chemor, who come from Syria, are racing regulars whose horses appear in the cards of both meetings, and appear to be remarkably successful.



Guy & Collier

THE HEYTHROP AT WESTWOLD, THE PRETTY COTSWOLD VILLAGE NEAR BURFORD



THE HON. PETER WOOD, MASTER
OF "THE HOUSE" BEAGLES

The photographer was lucky to get the above picture of the Heythrop and Jack Lawrence, their famous huntsman, in one of the few intervals during which the rain let up. It is the same story everywhere, and they will have to put hounds in gum-boots if it carries on. The Hon. Anne Lewis, Lord Merthyr's hard-riding sister, is the senior Joint-Master of the Monmouthshire, her partner being Miss Parkinson. Miss Lewis formerly had the South Pembrokeshire. The Hon. Peter Wood, the Master of the Christ Church Beagles, is the second son of Lord Halifax, Joint-Master of the Middleton. A love of venery runs in the family



du Heaun

THE HON. ANNE LEWIS, M.F.H.,
THE MONMOUTHSHIRE

ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE

By J. B. PLATNAUER

Another Side of Theatre Life



ALL IN A MANAGER'S DAY: BIBULOUS STALLITE (MARTIN WALKER) GETS FRESH WITH REFRESHMENT GIRLS (MOLLY JOHNSON, HELENA HOWARD, DAPHNE RIGGS, SINCLAIRE DENIS)

ONE of these days, I shall write a play about a dramatic critic of *The Tatler*. He will be the Whitest Man I Know, and awfully pukka. Not only will he write wonderful articles that everybody (including editors) will rush to read, but he will do wonderful things and help all sorts of people in a wistful, knightly way. My hero. White through and through. The play will be a terrible flop, but I shall have had some pleasure out of it.

Mr. Charles Landstone, who is the business manager of the Strand Theatre, is also the author of *Behind Your Back*, its new production. His hero is a theatre manager, awfully efficient at his job; tactful, helpful; commanding when a strong man is needed in the foyer, gentle when damsels are in distress. A Great White Chief. But, unlike the dream child of my brain, Mr. Landstone's play ought not to be a flop. It is good entertainment, and, anyway, I hope theatre audiences will be more interested in behind-the-scenes theatre than readers are of behind-the-page journalism.

With such a hero as Manager Archie Bentley (Mr. Jack Melford), there must be a villain to show up his true-blue qualities. He is a journalist, a Press representative.

Another journalist, named Rudyard Kipling, once wrote—

*If She have spoken a word, remember thy lips are sealed,
For the Brand of the Dog is upon him by whom is the
secret revealed.*

Albert Clifford (Mr. Kenneth Buckley), the Pressman, certainly has the brand of the Dirty Dog upon him. He gives away the secret of a woman's past as unblushingly as he would the "story" of the plucky leading lady who carries on despite the pain in her big toe, or wherever it is.

* * *

You will have gathered that I do not believe altogether in Mr. Landstone's Press representative as a character true to life. Doubtless prejudice on my part, just as a bank clerk in the audience may find fault with the demeanour of Vivian Hooker (Mr. Jonathan Field). This youthful teller, who has written a play, wanders nit-wittedly in and out of the dress-circle bar of "Clara Bradley's Theatre," where the action of *Behind Your Back* takes place, trying to buttonhole the manager to read his play. And maybe Mr. C. B. Cochran wouldn't

quite believe in the super-efficiency of this theatrical manager, even though he admired the whiteness of his soul.

Maybe, too, we none of us will believe in all the strange things that happen in the dress-circle bar while Lady Millicent's play ("coming off on Saturday") is being performed. Girls who have had high-school education may



PORTRAIT OF A THEATRE MANAGER BEING NOBLE: JACK MELFORD, MARJORIE MARS AND (THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY) PRESS-AGENT KENNETH BUCKLEY

fall in love with married attendants in sky-blue uniforms for all I know—education is different from what it was in my young days—but somehow the love-lorn box-office girl doesn't convince me, despite the polite intensity of Miss Ursula Marx and the gruff bewilderment of Mr. Arthur Hambling's attendant. And when Mrs. Attendant, a theatre-cleaner off duty (Miss Phyllis Morris), dots her young-rival one and lays the girl out, it belongs to melodrama the other side of the footlights—or of the New Cut—rather than to real life behind the dress-circle, which is what the play sets out to portray.

On the other hand, we can quite believe that the half a "polly" we leave when the bell goes for the next act will be used by the bar-mangeress later for a whisky on the house. We can believe in the way the Great White manager tactfully shepherds a drunken stallite into a taxi—helped by the realistic alcoholism of Mr. Martin Walker's acting. We can believe that a theatre manager may be called from a violent quarrel with the girl he adores to attend to a lady who has been sick in the upper circle, even if we find the motive of that quarrel hard to swallow.

If we can accept a Prime Minister's daughter as a playwright who will not allow the Press-agent to "plug" her father for publicity purposes, we may even believe that said P.M. will receive an actor-manager to afternoon tea at No. 10, Downing Street, there to discuss a knighthood as a reward for befriending his daughter.

And finally, thanks to the author's sense of humour and neat observation, we can believe that what goes on in a theatre bar while our backs are turned to it is far more entertaining than the scraps of conversation we actually hear, and the people we actually see, when we edge our way through the crush during an interval.

The acting of the whole company was nicely pointed. As the too-good-to-be-true theatre manager, Mr. Jack Melford skilfully contrived to be more pleasant than priggish; Miss Marjorie Mars, as an emotional stage manager with an amatory past, was attractively stagey rather than sternly managerial; and Miss Mary Glynn, as a Prime Minister's dramatist daughter, stressed a Mayfairish origin in preference to acquired Bohemianism. Mr.

Martin Walker's study in alcoholic loquacity was notable, as was the ingenuous charm of Mr. Jonathan Field's bank clerk. Mr. Esmé Percy, a flamboyant actor-manager in search of a knighthood, was an entertainment in himself, even if his make-up was rather unkindly reminiscent.



Priscilla in Paris



A SCENE IN "AVENTURES À PARIS,"
THE NEW FRENCH FILM

The *mise en scène* of this new French picture is a cabaret which is decorated to represent a first-class pirate ship, and above is one of the scenes, in which the pirates unbend sufficiently to dance with the slaves. Pirates, as is known, had quite good taste on occasion

TRÈS CHER,—Do you still have "Grand Guignol" shows in London, and do you still quiver and quake with horror when terrific murders take place and the stage drips crimson with—red-currant jelly? As the label on the bottle indicates, this kind of entertainment originated over here at the little theatre in the Rue Chaptal that looks far more like the dining-hall of a priory than a theatre, and that is still known as Le Grand Guignol. Its heyday was before the war. After the war we were rather fed up with the Real Thing in the way of horrors and we gave the place a wide berth. Recently, however, a new management, no doubt arguing that the present generation is less inured to gory realities than we are, has inaugurated a new series of performances. As of old, the programme invariably consists of two gay, one-act playlets alternating with two blood-curdling, tabloid melodramas. The other night I was shanghaied by two young friends who insisted on taking me to see the show and dared me to sit, unmoved, through the performance. I admit that I found it difficult to refrain from weeping over the "gay" playlets, but possibly my sense of fun is deficient, and I was unable to perceive humour in the mishaps of a young woman who gives her sealskin coat a bath of peroxide in order to turn it into summer ermine! The hair-stiffener that followed this was quite well done. Subdued lights. Red glow from the fire. Snowstorm. Wind eerily howling under the door. Avaricious peasant. Bad Man from the Town. Beautiful Young Wife. Howling dog and hooting owl. The Bad Young People plan to elope after having pouched the miser's money! To make the Old 'Un reveal the hiding-place of his hoarded gold, the Bad Young 'Un toasts the poor man's toes over the fire. Very ingeniously done, too. The asbestos socks fitted snugly, and it really looked as if bare feet were being thrust into flames that were really real!

Many were the faint-hearted spectators that closed their eyes and thrust shaking forefingers in their ears. My young

friends, somewhat white about the gills, turned to me reproachfully as the curtain fell and accused me of "having a nerve"! I answered gently that my "nerve" had not been unduly taxed and then patiently pointed out the missing details that would have made the illusion complete. Since that evening I am told that the property man carefully pastes a thin slice of raw veal to the soles of those asbestos socks, and that the result, when the grilling begins, is "too utterly utter to utter"! (If any of our leading *metteurs en scène* read this and feel that they would like my services they have only to write me, c/o the Editor, enclosing, of course, a stamp for reply! I would like to add that I am quite willing to come "by the day" and bring my lunch with me.)

The second blood-curdler on the programme staged the escape of a political prisoner from a German prison. Some kind of dope is smuggled in to him that induces a "death-like trance"! His body is duly confined and interred, pending the moment when his friends will un-bury him darkly at dead of night and revive him. Unfortunately, the resurrecting medico misses the last bus or something and gets there too late. By the time the coffin is opened 'tis a very real and mildewed corpse that is brought to light. Add to this that the coffin is a nasty, cheap, Government-supplied affair, that the rats had been at it, and that

the emaciated actor (who played the part of the corpse in very dumb show) is a past-master in the art of "make-up," and you will understand that I felt somewhat squeamish. But I was saved by the *cri du cœur* of an animal-lover in the front row who, pointing at the two tame rats, one of which was coily nestling under the corpse's ear while the other patrolled its chest, suddenly cried: "Oh, the poor little dears! What a shame! Fancy shutting them up with that!" Once again there was joy in my heart, and we all went and held an indignation meeting in the foyer and wondered what the S.P.C.A. could be thinking of!

All this stuff about fire and blood reminds me that we have had the world première of the great British film *Fire Over England* at the Normandie, a new super cinema-house in the Champs-Élysées. Having once been hauled over the coals by you, Très Cher, for having discussed a British

"philum" before it was shown in England, I shall certainly not offend again. But I suppose I may say that *tout Paris* talks of the perfection of Miss Flora Robson's acting and appearance as Queen Elizabeth. (And we think we know something in this village about Good Queen Bess!).

May I add also that the French title of the film is *L'Invincible Armada*, and that a good many of the Paris papers got this wrong in their advertisement columns and called it *L'Invisible Armada*. When you see the picture, I put it to you to ask yourself, in all fairness, whether this isn't as good a title as any for the part of the drama when the Armada is "seen" approaching the coast. With love, Très Cher.

PRISCILLA.



MARCELLE ROGEZ, WHO IS VERY BUSY
FILMING

This charming French actress is not getting much playtime, for before finishing "Mr. Stringfellow Says No," with Neil Hamilton as the male lead, she had also done "Fine Feathers," with Renée Houston, for British Lion Studios at Elstree, and also "Cotton Queen." A short time before all this she was in another British Lion "Big Fella" with the famous Paul Robeson

PASSING EVENTS IN THE FILM WORLD



JEAN CHATBURN, WHO WAS IN "THE GREAT ZIEGFELD"



P. G. WODEHOUSE LOOKING AT US FROM HOLLYWOOD

P. G. Wodehouse, who has been purloined from us by Hollywood, is under a contract to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, the duration of which has not been exactly stated, but they do not mean to let him come back home just yet awhile. Jean Chatburn did so well in that good film "The Great Ziegfeld" that it won her a long contract with the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer films, and it is predicted that she will go a long way farther yet. Anny Ondra, wife of Max Schmeling, the conqueror of the "Brown Bomber," Joe Louis, is seen in the Pearly Queen kit in which she appeared in the German film "A Girl of the Ballet"



ANNY ONDRA (MRS. MAX SCHMELING)

FROM ACROSS THE ATLANTIC



WASHINGTON'S "BEAUTY NO. 1":
MRS. SIDNEY KENT LEGARÉ



A POKER GAME IN MARYLAND: MR. JOHN GARRETT
AND MRS. TED McLEAN



MRS. VICTOR MALLET
(NÉE ANDRAE)



MR. AND MRS. ASHLEY CHANLER
AND A CORONA



MR. HARVEY LADEW, M.F.H., HOST AT A
POKER PARTY, AND MRS. SAM BARLOW



MR. SAM BARLOW AND MRS. JOHN
GARRETT



MRS. EDWARD L. REED, A WASHINGTON
WELL-KNOWN

A good few of the pictures in this collection from beyond the Big Ditch were taken at a poker party in Maryland given by Mr. Harvey Ladew, Master of the Harbord County Hounds, who, incidentally, is arriving in England shortly to finish the season with the Pytchley. He has got a very lovely house in Pleasant Valley Farm. Mr. John Garrett, who, along with his wife, was amongst the guests, is the former American Ambassador to Holland and Italy. Mrs. Ted McLean, who is with him in the picture at the top, is a cousin of Lady Lindsay, wife of the British Ambassador in Washington. Mrs. Victor Mallet's husband is Counsellor at the British Embassy. Her father, Mr. Herman Andrae, has lent his *Endeavour I* to Mr. Tommy Sopwith as a trial-horse for the *America's Cup*. Mrs. Ashley Chanler, who was another of those at the poker party, has the good taste to prefer a good cigar to a gasper. Mr. Sam Barlow, who was yet another of the poker-party guests, composed the light opera "Mon Ami Pierrot," for which Guitry wrote the book. Both Mrs. Edward Reed and Mrs. Albert Dewey are well-knowns in Washington society, and the former's husband is one of the officials in the State Department



MRS. ALBERT DEWEY, ALSO OF
WASHINGTON, PA.



Hay Wrightson, New Bond Street

THE VISCOUNTESS TARBAT—TWO RECENT PORTRAITS

Lady Tarbat, who married the Countess of Cromartie's elder son and heir in 1933, is a very charming American and is a daughter of Mr. G. B. Downing, of Kentucky. Lord and Lady Tarbat have two daughters, the Hon. Sibell and the Hon. Gillian Blunt-Mackenzie, born in 1934 and 1936 respectively. Lady Cromartie, who is a Peeress in her own right, married Lt.-Col. Edward Blunt, who assumed the additional name of Mackenzie on his marriage, and is a kinsman of Sir John Blunt. He commanded a Brigade of Guns in the Great War



"THE SUN WAS SHINING ON THE—SNOW"



MRS. LOTHAR MENDES AND
MRS. FELICITY TONGE



SIR JOHN MAFFEY, MRS. WINSTON CHURCHILL
AND CHRISTINE, LADY CHURCHILL



MRS. ROBERT ADEANE



MRS. ROBERT ADEANE
WITH LADY ALEXANDRA
HAIG



LAURA LA PLANTE

(ABOVE ON LEFT) Mlle. CYPRIENNE
DE CHARLES ROUX

The time has come, the Walrus said, to talk of many things—of "skeletons" and curling-stones and whether skis have wings. All the subjects of the above extensive gallery were in process of such discussion and even practical experiment in the questions involved. Mrs. Lothar Mendes, whose husband is an important figure in the film world, is the daughter of Mr. Arthur Bendir. Mrs. Winston Churchill had come on to St. Moritz, where the majority of these pictures were taken, from Zurs. She is with Sir John Maffey, Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, and Christine, Lady Churchill, widow of the first Viscount Churchill. Mrs. Claude Leigh was en route for Monte Carlo from St. Anton via St. Moritz (very much as the late G. K. Chesterton "went to Birmingham by way of Brighton Pier"). Mrs. Heneage is the former Miss Joan Cely-Trevillian and the wife of Captain David Walker-Heneage, late of the Grenadiers. Mlle. Cyprienne de Charles Roux is the daughter of his Excellency the French Ambassador to the Vatican; it was at Kitzbühel that she faced the camera. Mrs. Robert Adeane's husband is the second son of Mr. Charles Adeane, of Babraham; she

MRS. CH
HER DA

MAJOR-G

SHINING WITH ALL HIS MIGHT"



HIGH AND
VIRGINIA



MRS. MARK NORMAN AND
MRS. DAVID HENEAGE



PRINCESSE EMILE STURDZA AND
M. RAOUL HELBRONNER



MISS HILARY CHARLES
AND MRS. MICHAEL
PORTMAN



THE DUKE OF ALBA, HIS DAUGHTER,
AND MADAME DE AGUIRRE

(ABOVE ON RIGHT) CAPTAIN CONRAD
FFRENCH AND MAJOR METCALFE



THE HON. JEAN CAMPBELL

is seen on the way to her ski-ing lesson at Chantarella and with Lady Alexandra Haig, Lord Haig's eldest sister, on the high slopes of Corviglia. Miss Hilary Charles is Mrs. Michael Portman's sister; she had the bad luck to twist her knee, running down from Chantarella, and so is out of action for the time being. The Duke of Alba is a descendant of the Duke of Berwick; on the left of the picture is his only child, Donna Cayetana, Marquesa de Sante Vincent del Barco. Madame Margery de Aguirre hails from New York. Lord Gort, who is Commandant of the Staff College, Camberley, has a magnificent record of service with the Grenadiers behind him: he has the V.C., D.S.O. and two bars and the M.C. The Hon. Jean Campbell is the only sister of Lord Stratheden, who is a Coldstreamer and at present is seconded to the Kenya Defence Force. Laura la Plante is the famous film actress and the wife of Irving Asher, the producer. Those condemned to stay at home in London may well envy the lucky people who have whole ranges of mountains to play about with, plenty of sun and much too much snow for forty maids with forty mops to sweep in half a year



LADY WEYMOUTH AND HER ATTRACTIVE CHILDREN, CHRISTOPHER, ALEXANDER AND CAROLINE THYNNE, NOT FORGETTING THE CORGI



INTO BATTLE: LADY MARY DUNN, CHRISTOPHER THYNNE, AND HIS MOTHER, LADY WEYMOUTH

These pictures were taken at Sturford Mead, the very desirable residence near Warminster which lately became the home of Lord and Lady Weymouth and their nice family of three. The camera happened to call when Wiltshire was giving a creditable imitation of Switzerland, and it found the house-party taking full advantage of first-rate snowballing conditions. Lady Mary Dunn has been recuperating at Sturford Mead after a slight operation. Judging by her whole-hearted participation in snow battles, her convalescence is now complete. The Hon. Mrs. Bridgewater, who thought it all lots of fun too, is Lady Weymouth's half-sister. Before her marriage to Mr. Philip Bridgewater, 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, she was the Hon. Vanda Vivian. Lord Weymouth, only surviving son of Lord Bath, was member for the Frome Division from 1931 to 1935. Now he mainly occupies himself with looking after estate matters at Longleat. Caroline, Alexander and Christopher Thynne thoroughly approve of their new home. Caroline was born in 1928, Alexander will be five in May and Christopher is some two years younger. It will be observed that, as well as a Mastiff, a Welsh Corgi is included among the occupants of Sturford Mead. These gay and affectionate little dogs, have lately become a very popular breed

SNOW PLACE LIKE HOME

Lady Weymouth's Wintersporting
Party at Sturford Mead, Wilts



POLLY, LADY WEYMOUTH'S MASTIFF, PROVES WELL UP TO CHRISTOPHER'S WEIGHT



LADY WEYMOUTH, ATTACKED AND ATTACKING, HAS THE
HON. MRS. BRIDGEWATER ON HER SIDE

Photographs by Swaine

THE GALWAY BLAZERS



THE EARL AND COUNTESS
OF ROSSE



CAPTAIN M. G. RODDICK, LADY ELVEDEN, MRS.
"BROWNIE" HOLLOWAY AND LORD ELVEDEN

TAKE THE FLOOR



LORD AND LADY ORANMORE
AND BROWNE



THE M.F.H.'S GROUP

(At back, l. to r.) Mr. A. D. Comyn (Hon. Sec.), Mr. Bowes Daly, M.F.H., Miss O'Rourke, Major F. Carr, M.F.H., and Mr. J. S. Young. (Seated) Mrs. Bowes Daly, Lord Sligo, M.F.H., and Lady Warrender



(AT BACK) MR. W. ENDERBY, MR. AND MRS. DOMINIC BROWNE AND CAPTAIN BARON DE ROBECK. (SITTING) MISS DIANA MAITLAND-MAGGILL-CRITCHTON, MR. R. MORE O'FERRALL AND LADY MAUREEN BRABAZON

The Blazers Hunt Ball was held with éclat and much bonhomie at Castle Hacket, Tuam, Co. Galway, the owner of which is Major-General Denis Bernard. All the Galway Masters, three of them, were on the premises, and Major Carr, who is one of them, used to be well known in the Albrighton country when Joint-Master of those hounds with the late General Hickman. Some well-known ex-Masters were likewise in evidence: Mr. Enderby, a former Master of the East Galway, and Mr. Dominic Browne, a former Joint-Master of the Blazers. Mrs. Bowes Daly is a sister of the Duchess of Buccleuch, and they are kinswomen of Lord Harewood. Major Watt's amateur band added tremendously to the general hilarity. Major Watt has been either sole Master or Joint-Master of the United Hounds since 1926

(ON RIGHT) MAJOR A. H. WATT'S BAND

(l. to r.) Mr. D. Dineen, Mr. W. Brieny, Major A. H. Watt, M.F.H. (United), Mr. F. Floyd, Mr. Ronnie Cameron and Mr. F. W. Harrington



Photos: Poole, Dublin



ROLLING DOWN TO RIO!

An after-dinner group taken aboard the good ship "Asturias" when she was heading for Rio. In the picture are, left to right, Mr. Hugh Pack-Beresford, Mrs. Harry Horton, Captain A. Purvis, the skipper of the "Asturias," Professor Pring Hopkins, Lady Decies, who married Lord Decies last year, Mrs. Pring Hopkins, and the Hon. Mrs. Elidor Campbell, who is the wife of one of Lord Cawdor's numerous uncles

A CALCULATION that more than half the population of Britain will be mentally defective in 300 years was quoted by Mr. Lester Smith, of Manchester, in his presidential address at the annual meeting of the Association of Directors and Secretaries of Education at Middlesex Guildhall; but going as we are going it seems possible that we shan't have to wait all that long time. Every indication is against it.

The latest intelligence from the Smart Set is: "DARNED CLOTHES WILL BE THE HEIGHT OF FASHION." Why not use the more manly and homely epithet? One reason for this fashion is no doubt that you would be promptly run in by our nice-minded police if you went out minus your darned clothes. *Vis-à-vis* this, all Old Etonians will read this further announcement with bated breath—

"The Eton jacket which goes with a navy blue wool skirt

has five-barred gates, three or four on each side of the fronts, darned in scarlet and black wool with the ends of the wool making a furry finish at the end of each bar."

In the much-abused old days, Etonians would have torn this garment to bits.

Everyone who knows her both in her stage and personal entitles must have been sorry for Miss Irene Vanbrugh's sake, if for no other reason, that the recent play, *The Orchard Walls*, fell down with as big a crash as the walls of Jericho. She is one of the sisters of Major-General Sir Reggie Barnes, who was the back of that famous 4th Hussar polo team at the time when Mr. Winston Churchill was its No. 1, and she knows even more about the art which she so greatly adorns than her brother does about his art. General Barnes later went to command the 10th at a time when the Powers As Was thought they needed another bit in their mouths—and they got it right enough! Perhaps if the author had called his play *With Love's Light Wings*, and worked it out accordingly,

Pictures in the Fire



LITTLE JEAN BEDELLS

The clever twelve-year-old daughter of a famous mother, Phyllis Bedells, who has trained her. Jean will dance before H.M. the Queen on March 8th at the Piccadilly Theatre at the performance in aid of the National Council of Girls' Clubs

AT A PAY-PARTY IN AID OF THE INVALID CHILDREN'S AID ASSOCIATION
AT LADY ALLENDALE'S HOUSE

Lady Margaret Douglas-Home was to have played the piano at this party but was unhappily prevented by illness, so they relayed it to her by telephone. Lady Titchfield, who organised the party, is standing on the left; near her is Mrs. Mott. Mr. Conway Graves is obliging with the accordion, and others of his audience are the Countess of Munster and Mr. Serge Krish



AT THE RECENT TAUNTON 'CHASES

The camera opened fire between races at Taunton, and in the group are Miss Fuller, the Hon. Mrs. Basil Munday, who is an aunt of Lord Tredegar, and Col. R. S. Forestier-Walker, an uncle of Major Sir George Forestier-Walker

By "SABRETACHE"



MISS CECILIA COLLEDGE

Sonja Henie having turned professional, Miss Cecilia Colledge may be considered the World's Champion—at the age of sixteen! Skipping on the confined space of a music-stool is no light test of balance and control



LORD TRENCHARD WITH THE OFFICERS OF THE 3rd BATTALION THE NIGERIA REGIMENT AT CALABAR

Lord Trenchard served at Calabar in the Royal West African Frontier Force, of which the Nigeria Regiment is an important unit, for seven years (1902-1909). He planted the bougainvillea tree seen in the background, which is now the biggest in the country. The names in the group are:

From l. to r.: Lt. N. D. Leslie, Lt. F. O. Church, Major A. G. E. Alexander, M.C., Marshal of the Royal Air Force Viscount Trenchard, G.C.B., G.C.V.O., D.S.O., Mr. Shute (Resident, Calabar District), Lt. N. G. Gilbert and Lt. C. M. S. Marsden, M.B.E.

it would not have come to grief. The next line to "With Love's light wings" is "did I o'er perch these walls." The trouble in the now-defunct play was that the hero hadn't the necessary ginger to go over the top. It would have made it more exciting if he had had. Not that it isn't dangerous. I once knew a chap who did a bit of "o'er perching" with Love's light wings and got into a pretty pickle, and it was not because there was a dog loose in the garden, but because the Trophos or Nurse played it low down on him. In the original thriller by Mr. Shakespeare, it may be recalled, the nurse was *particeps*, and did all she could to help things along.

It seems a pity to waste such talent as Miss Irene Vanbrugh's on dead-mutton plays. There was another one I saw recently which was full of inane persons all talking about themselves and their "complexes" in "tired-making" modern jargon—not the ghost of a story—reeking of grease paint and Willie's Club, and badly in need of soap and water. It never began to be a play.

* * *

The programme of steeplechase meetings of the Salisbury Plain Race Club which has been

sent me by the Club is a most attractive one, and, I am certain, will make their spring campaign even more successful than it has ever been. The course is at Windmill Hill, which is only about a mile north of Tidworth, the H.Q. of the Southern Command, and though the programmes are mainly military, there are included open events, races for farmers, and also for the Tedworth and Adjacent hunts. The actual dates are: March 6, the 2nd Cavalry Brigade Bonâ Fide Military Meeting, at which are run the 10th Hussars, 9th and 12th Lancers, and 3rd Hussars regimental races, as well as the R.A. Subalterns' Cup and the 26th Field Brigade R.A. race; on March 10 is the R.A. Harriers Meeting, for the Gunner chaps; March 23, the Army Bonâ Fide Military Meeting—a good programme which includes Lord Haig's, Lord Beatty's, the Prince of Wales's, and Lord Cavan's Challenge Cups as well as the Salisbury Open Cup; March 24, the Salisbury

(Continued on page xvi)



ANOTHER TAUNTON GROUP

Mrs. Barrett, Mr. and Mrs. Kenyon Goode and Lord Stalbridge snapped at the Taunton meeting. Mrs. Barrett had Galen entered in the second race but did not start him. Lord Stalbridge is a former Master of the Fernie and is also a keen yachtsman with a liking for ocean-racing



SIR JAMES AND LADY IRVINE DANCE THE "DASHING WHITE SERGEANT"

Sir James Irvine (second from left) is the Principal of St. Andrews University. He is seen with Lady Irvine (on right) at the Charity Ball held by the Students' Representative Council in the Marryat Hall, Dundee

OXFORD 'CHASING: THE NEW COLLEGE AND MAGDALEN MEETING

As the Camera Saw It



WITH HER FIANCÉ, MR. JOHN GLYN: MISS AUDREY STUBBS



IN THE SADDLING RING AT SHOWELL FARM, LITTLE TEW: BRIGADIER W. T. HODGSON AND LORD HAIG



MRS. GEORGE BANKS (LEFT) AND MISS RUBINA NOBLE



THE HON. "DICK" SAMUEL, LADY ELIZABETH MURRAY AND HER FIANCÉ, MR. OLDFIELD



LORD STANLEY AND HIS SON, MR. RICHARD STANLEY



MR. ALISTER STEWART, MISS SUSAN BLIGH, MISS DIANA MILLS AND MR. DESMOND REID

The New College and Magdalen Steeplechase Meeting, which opened Oxford's point-to-point season, was held according to custom at Little Tew. There were plenty of visitors, the sun shone brilliantly and the going was better than expected, so it was a pity fields for the College events were on the very small side. There were only four runners for the New College Grind and Magdalen Grind Challenge Cups. Two Pots won, ridden by his owner, the Hon. Anthony Samuel, and Lord Stanley's eldest son, Mr. Edward Stanley, on Gulliver II, was the only other to finish. The Hon. Anthony Samuel's eldest brother, "Dick," Joint-Master of the Warwickshire, has ridden a lot of winners at Little Tew. He added to their number by finishing alone on his Playmore in the race for the Magdalen Old Members' Challenge Cup. Mr. Peter Oldfield proffered congratulations, and in his turn received very hearty ones on his just-announced engagement to Lady Elizabeth Murray, younger daughter of Lord Dunmore. Mr. Oldfield, Oxford's wicket-keeper for two seasons, is Mr. and Mrs. Carlton Oldfield's son and a Yorkshireman. Another engaged couple were present at Little Tew in the persons of Mr. John Glyn and Miss Audrey Stubbs, who are to be married at Haseley, Oxfordshire, on April 3. Mr. Glyn, a member of the well-known banking family, whipped-in to the Master of the New College and Magdalen Beagles when he was up at Oxford

A song of Guinness

Sing a song of Guinness
 A bottle full of good,
 Since it is for goodness
 Guinness always stood.
 When the bottle's opened
 We all begin to shout,
 "There's nothing like a Guinness
 When you feel—tired—out."





BEAUTY EN MASSE: A CHARMING SCENE FROM "PREMIÈRE"

"Première" is a new Austrian film, produced in Vienna, and the particularly attractive picture above is one of its scenes. The vision of mass-loveliness contains 98 young dancers, chiefly from London and Paris, and the result is certainly spectacular! It would seem that Continental studios are adopting the Hollywood method of large numbers, and it looks as though they might beat the Californian producers at their own game

AN officer, home on leave from India, went into the local inn in the village in which he was staying. He called for a double whisky, and joined the company in the saloon-bar. After a time a man called to the landlord to have the empty glasses removed.

"Take away the empties, George," he said; "they're like the British Army." The officer jumped to his feet and demanded an explanation.

"Calm yourself, sir," said the offender. "That was not intended as an insult to the British Army. I said those empty glasses were like the British Army. Well, they are. They have done their duty, and now they are ready to do it again." The soldier paid for drinks all round.

An actor accused a certain critic of having stated that his Hamlet was the worst he had ever seen.

"There's one thing," he commented cheerfully, "next time I play Hamlet you won't be able to say anything worse."

"Oh, yes, I shall," said the critic; "I shall say you're not up to your usual standard."

Jock strutted up and down the room learning to play the bagpipes.

"Whit an awfu' noise ye're makin'," said his wife. A few minutes' silence, and then the noise started again, and again the wife protested.

"Ach! Whit are ye grumbling about, wumman?" said Jock, piping in his stockinged feet. "I've ta'en off ma boots!"

BUBBLE and SQUEAK

The jury having acquitted you on the charge of bigamy," said the judge, "you are free to leave the court and go home."

"Thank you, your Honour, but I don't want to make any mis-

take this time—which home?"

The small son of the house had been sent to bed by his mother for using a naughty word. When his father came home, she told him what she had done.

"I'll teach him to swear!" exclaimed the father, and started up the stairs. Half-way up he tripped—and a volley of oaths came forth.

"You'd better come down now," called his wife, when the air had cleared somewhat. "I think Billy's had enough for his first lesson."

"Mike," said his friend, "you should pull your curtains when you kiss your wife. I saw you last night as I went by the house."

"Ah, the joke's on you," laughed Mike; "I wasn't home last night."

A woman entered a railway station one fine day followed by twelve children. She was rather annoyed when a porter asked her if they were all hers, or if it was a picnic.

"Young man," she said sharply, "they're all mine—and, believe me, it's no picnic!"

"Would you oblige me by dropping your keys down my back?" asked the convict very politely of the prison warder. "I think my nose is going to bleed."



John Stuart
relies on
'OVALTINE'
for a
Good Night's Rest

FOR health and energy all day and sound sleep all night, 'Ovaltine' is unrivalled. This fact is borne out by a huge volume of unsolicited testimony given by people in every walk of life. Among the many appreciative letters received from members of the theatrical profession is the following from that popular 'star,' John Stuart :—

"After a hard day's work in a film studio, a good night's rest is essential in order to be fresh the following morning. Whenever I am working on a film, I always take a cup of 'Ovaltine' on retiring."

'Ovaltine' is a complete and perfect food. It supplies, in correctly balanced proportions, every nutritive element required to build up body, brain and nerves. Make delicious 'Ovaltine' *your* regular daytime and bedtime beverage. *To drink it always—is a Health Protection.*

Prices in Great Britain and N. Ireland,
1/1, 1/10 and 3/3 per tin.

THE HEAD

By GEOFFREY POLLETT

IT was while he was at his bank that Felton first encountered it. It caused him quite a nasty turn for the moment. Only for the moment, of course. For it couldn't possibly be Johnny Bree—seeing that the latter had departed this life at eight o'clock that drizzly morning. The head—as much of it as he could glimpse above the mahogany partition dividing ledger-keepers from tellers—was the exact double of Johnny's. Not even the most morbid imagination could conjure so exact a resemblance.

For Johnny's had been an unusual—until this moment Felton would have sworn a unique—cranium. His face had been ordinary enough: coarse and animal, with crafty eyes and narrow, receding forehead. The face of a hundred mean little criminals. But that cranium! It had lent to the late John Bree an aspect altogether diabolical.

The skull narrowed almost to a cone, a cone flattened horribly towards its rear. Across this flattened portion, emerging baldly from the dark, matted hair, wormed a hideous scar that had always the appearance of a fresh wound.

Encountering its double now, Felton was sickened. For a second, all his power of feeling centred in the pit of his stomach—like once, when in the Karoo, he had so nearly put his hand on a black mamba.

Vainly he tried, by standing tiptoe, to see more of the head and of its owner. But the partition blocked his view. Passed out into the thronging street, Felton grew aware that he had broken into a clammy sweat. . . .

Back in his own comfortably appointed office, Felton found his work interrupted by doubts and imaginings that he had been confident would trouble him no more, now that their cause, the late John Bree, was finally out of the way.

That morning Johnny had paid the penalty for a crime of which, for once, he was entirely innocent. And James Felton, diamond merchant of Hatton Garden, knew that Johnny was innocent. Indeed, could quite easily have saved the little rascal his neck—at a price. But that price was just a little too high for Mr. James Felton. The alibi that could have saved Johnny would have landed himself in Queer Street—if not actually in the dock.

It had been tough on Johnny, of course, finding that someone had got in first, got the "goods," and the man as well. No doubt it must have deeply pained Johnny even at the time, before the cops arrived on the scene. For Johnny, despite his devilish appearance, was a man of peace, who did not spill blood in the ordinary course of his professional duties.

"Say, I gotta hurry, mister. Gotta date!" Johnny had informed Felton, when they met at the usual place for one of their occasional transactions. (Felton's interest in stones, beginning with I.D.B., frequently led him beyond the respectable precincts of Hatton Garden into the shadier side of the city, and to mingle with such as Johnny.)

But Johnny's "date" had been with the police after all. While the killer had got away without anyone save Felton so much as suspecting his existence—outside the protesting Bree's imagination. For although, according to expert testimony, deceased was already dead at the time Johnny was explaining to Felton about "having a date," that alibi remained James Felton's most private property. And



There, rising a few inches above the top of the seat, the rest of it hidden by the seat's back, was the head of Johnny Bree.

John Bree had to write *finis* to a hitherto disappointingly uneventful career of crime. . . .

No—James Felton was not squeamish. But the affair at his bank that morning had left a deeper impression on the hidden places of his mind than he would have cared to admit. As it was, throughout the rest of that day he found the repulsive image of the late John Bree's head insinuating itself between him and his work.

He knocked off early, and travelled to his lonely suburban home in very low spirits.

A return visit to his bank next day, followed up by a casual word to the head ledger-keeper, forced Felton to the far from satisfactory conclusion that, after all, he had been mistaken. His imagination, doubtless spurred by his unconscious reaction to the occasion, apparently had played him a trick. He thought to put the incident aside, disturbing though it had been at the time. And yet, lurking all the while at the back of his mind, it was to leap out on him again like a monstrous figure of nightmare. . . .

Nearly two weeks later Felton was sitting at his customary restaurant, having lunch. Most of the customers had already left, and Felton sat alone at his table, lingering over coffee. The outer tables were arranged in cubicles, permitting two or three to sit in semi-privacy. The cubicle

(Continued on page 314)



February Complexion

How bright her eyes over the deep fur collar of her coat — how fresh her colouring! For though a biting wind whips her cheeks as she steps across the pavement towards her car, her skin has still the velvety softness of summer. It remains smooth, vivid, un-roughened through the bleakest months. Women who wish to safeguard their complexions through trying winter days will find the following Arden preparations of the greatest service.

★ *Cleansing Cream*: use this instead of soap because it will soothe the skin instead of drying out the natural oils; 4/6 to 22/6. ★ *Ardena Skin Tonic*: because it stimulates the circulation and brings fresh glowing colour to your cheeks; 3/6 to 75/-. ★ *Orange Skin Food*: because it corrects winter dryness and keeps the skin smooth and free from wrinkles; 4/6 to 35/-. ★ *Lille de France*: a blend of emollient cream and soothing lotion to hold the powder smoothly and to prevent roughness and chapping; 8/6. ★ *Ultra Amoretta Cream*: particularly advised for dry skin; 4/6 and 8/6.

Elizabeth Arden

25, OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

THE HEAD—(Continued from page 312)

partitions were scarcely shoulder-high, so that anyone standing up might be visible from the adjoining cubicle.

Felton was idly glancing over one of the early editions, when he began to be aware of the peculiar feeling that he was being watched. For a minute he continued to read, deliberately disregarding the feeling. But it grew so strong, almost menacing, that he was compelled to shift his attention and seek the cause of his discomfort.

Turning his gaze, Felton was horrified to see over the edge of the cubicle on his left that same grim likeness of John Bree's head that had so profoundly shocked him upon the earlier occasion. Only now he could see almost the whole of it, although the face was still turned away from him. A light immediately above, that shed its illumination on the unpleasantly dead-white flesh, the hideous red scar, made it impossible that Felton's imagination was still deceiving him.

During one swirling instant of horror, Felton was convinced that he was indeed staring at the head of John Bree. The fact of death, of the physical impossibility of such experience, was for that moment isolated in Felton's mind. That monstrous head belonged—could possibly belong—only to Johnny! It was the hot coffee spilling on to his knee that roused Felton to reasoning action. In his agitation he had knocked over the cup. But in that same second of deflected attention, while he glanced at the spreading brown stain, the head was gone.

Thrusting the amount of his bill into the hand of a waiter who had hastened to his aid, Felton seized his hat and left the table. At the entrance to the next cubicle he halted. A shortish man in a grey hat also was in the act of leaving. Yet one glance at the man's refined features and white hair visible beneath the hat sent him hurrying on to the door.

It was still swinging as he reached it. His second's pause at the other cubicle had robbed him of seeing whoever it was that had just gone out. The street was swimming in yellow fog; and, though he turned anxiously right and left, pursuit was obviously hopeless.

He returned to his office greatly upset.

As he sat, turning the leaves of the calendar upon his desk, Felton's slender fingers trembled. Yes . . . eleven days ago. He had marked the leaf in faint pencil: "*exit J. B.!*"

He brought out a decanter and helped himself to a generous drink, splashing it and himself with the soda.

The drink hardly had the effect he had hoped. His thoughts grew morbid—fantastic, even . . . So Johnny wasn't leaving him so easily, after all. He had certainly done Johnny a dirty trick—and Johnny was still resenting it.

Still? But that was preposterous. The man was dead. Had been dead eleven days. And the dead couldn't—or maybe they could? What did he know about the ways of the dead, anyway?

He remembered Johnny in the dock. Morbid curiosity had sent Felton (his identity

effectively concealed behind dark glasses) to watch; to hear sentence of death pronounced.

When the moment arrived there had been a terrible scene. And then, as the prisoner was being led away, still screaming his innocence, for one instant he had turned his head and stared directly up at Felton—so it had seemed to the latter at the time.

Felton had shrunk back, fearful of recognition. But during that instant, he had felt those beady, menacing eyes upon him. He had not been able to forget that moment . . .

Felton travelled home late that night. He had done so little during the day that he made up his mind to stay late and catch up arrears. Hard work, after all, was the best cure for a morbid imagination. After shutting the office, he went West for a light supper, unconsciously anxious to delay the moment of departure. The suburb where he lived was on the fringe of open country, and would be melancholy enough at this time of night, he reflected as he eventually sought out the Underground.

The train, one of the last, was rapidly emptying as the nearer suburbs were left behind. In Felton's carriage there were but three other passengers. The next car appeared to be already empty. Felton's tired gaze wandered down its vacant length, through the slightly distorting glass of the intervening door. Suddenly his heart, like a cracked whip, leapt against his side. His whole frame grew taut. He was staring at one of the double seats in the next carriage. There, rising a few inches above the top of the seat, the rest of it hidden by the seat's back, was the frightful *thing* itself—the head of Johnny Bree.

He felt physically sick with loathing, till terror, that drove into his blood its nails of ice, numbed him. He remained frozen, fascinated, until at last his own station slid into sight. Alighting without so much as a backward glance at the *thing* next door, Felton thrust himself into the small knot of passengers heading for the stairway. Outside, these few quickly melted away. And Felton was left to traverse

alone the ill-lighted lane that led, between scattered villas and their large, gloomy-shadowed gardens, to his own home.

He had the feeling of being followed. But he dared not face about nor even turn aside, fearful that within those heavy shadows, yet more horribly, concealed by one or other of the flanking hedges, lurked the horror that would leap out upon his startled vision. Panic forced him to the centre of the road; urged him finally to run. Nor did he pause till his front door was bolted behind him, and every light in the lonely house signalling its owner's terror.

From that time on things went from bad to worse with Felton. The sense of panic that had taken possession of him that night in the tube remained, buried beneath the surface of his mind, to mock him by influencing his smallest action.

He did not actually encounter the *thing* again; yet the image of it seemed always before him, in new and awful circumstances.

(Continued on page XIV)



HARROWING SCENE AT ETON

An ancient Eton jape is that the advantage of being at Harrow is that on a nice fine day the Harrovians can see the spires of the Eton Chapel. Recently Harrow can have had no chance. The Harrovian retort to the Eton rudeness is: "If we want to!" The playing fields of Eton have recently been more like the Bay of Biscay than the field of Waterloo and more suggestive of Trafalgar!

when
he's late
and
you feel shy
and
very
self-conscious . . .



have you
ever noticed
how a cigarette
will
in
some curious way
restore your
self-assurance ? . . .



and
at
the same time
it is
so
very
companionable.

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.



THE EAST MIDLANDS XV. WHO BEAT
LANCASHIRE

In the Northern semi-final of the Rugby County Championship at Northampton, the East Midlands beat Lancashire by 5-0 after a gruelling game. The East Midland team are:

Seated (l. to r.): J. Dicks, J. A. Tallent, W. H. Weston, J. B. Minahan (Sec., E.M. Rugby Union), R. J. Longland and A. G. Butler. Second Row: E. Coley, G. T. Dancer, H. Norfolk, P. Cooke, R. C. Hurrell, W. J. Taylor, and W. W. Wakefield (referee). Back Row: V. J. Lyttle, G. S. Sturtridge, J. G. Rogers, O. V. Bevan, and J. G. Cook

DEAR TATLER,

WE must obviously take this, our earliest opportunity, of congratulating Scotland on their brilliant victory at Swansea, which has so often been their happy hunting-ground. The Scottish Selectors had made a number of changes from last season, as was only to be expected after their country's deplorable record. It has often been observed that after an unsuccessful year Scotland pull themselves together and do very well in the next. Now they have made a good start, and are plainly in the running for the Championship, especially as England have to visit Murrayfield, where they seem quite unable to win a match. Scotland will be favourites in March, but it does not follow that they are sure to win, for there must some day come a turning in the long lane of English defeats. Scotland suffered the same run of failures at Twickenham, where they have still only one victory to their credit since 1911.

Although the hooking left a great deal to be desired, the Scottish forwards in other respects had a pretty good match, and they have evidently found a few very useful men. The two Cambridge Blues did well, and G. B. Horsburgh, as usual, played a thoroughly genuine game. Probably the best of the lot was one of the old brigade, J. A. Waters, of Selkirk, who has played in every match for Scotland since 1933, and is at least as good as ever. W. R. Logan, with comparatively little of the ball, was his old self, but the star of the back division was undoubtedly R. C. S. Dick, who perhaps appreciated the absence of Claude Davey's devastating tackles and scored two brilliant tries besides having a hand in nearly everything that was going. He received magnificent support from his new colleague, D. J. Macrae, of St. Andrew's University, who made a really promising début. R. W. Shaw's pace and skill were most useful, and the opportunism and dash of the whole Scottish line were in marked contrast to the rather slovenly and muddled play of the Welsh back division.

It would have been interesting to have been amongst the crowd at St. Helen's and to have listened to the variegated blessings that were called down on the Welsh Selectors. No apparent reason was forthcoming for the changes among the Welsh backs, where both V. G. J. Jenkins and Claude Davey were sadly missed. T. O. James, whilst he has

A Rugby Letter

By "HARLEQUIN"

certainly some good points, could not be said to justify the omission of Jenkins, which will ever remain one of the mysteries of football; and Claude Davey's ironclad defence would have been invaluable. To make matters worse, W. Wooller, despite his two scoring efforts, had an off-day, R. R. Morris scarcely found himself in his first match, and even H. Tanner was hardly at his best, though he could not complain that he was not given enough of the ball.

The Welsh forwards certainly gave an improved display as compared with their performance at Twickenham. It is curious to note that whilst they were on that occasion soundly cursed, and everybody said the backs would have won the game had they been given the ball, the boot was now on the other foot, and the backs had chances enough to win three or four games and



Photos: Holloway

THE LANCASHIRE XV. BEATEN BY EAST MIDLANDS

The East Midlands' try was scored by Butler and converted by Cook, but the credit of the win must go to the Midland forwards who played a brilliant game. The Lancashire names are:

Seated, l. to r.: T. A. Kemp, R. Leyland, H. A. Fry, H. B. Toft, R. Horne, J. Heaton, A. Laithwaite. Back Row: E. Stott, A. J. Brock, R. C. Houston, L. M. Lee, J. Mycock, R. A. Atkinson, A. A. Brown and W. W. Wakefield. Seated in front: R. H. Guest and F. Gough.

quite failed to make the proper use of them. One of the most interesting points for the remainder of the season will be to see what side the Welsh Selectors will put in the field against Ireland. Last season's champions may very likely secure the wooden spoon, and we know who would have to bear the blame.

At long last the various competitors for the County Championship have been boiled down to the final two—Gloucester and the East Midlands. By fairly common consent, Gloucester were extremely fortunate to be credited with a dropped goal against Kent the other day, since there appears to be no doubt that the ball did not cross the bar. The last time that either Gloucester or East Midlands reached the final was in 1934, when the latter beat the western county at Northampton. It is something of a coincidence that in the semi-final of that year, as in this season, East Midlands beat Lancashire. Gloucester, of course, have a wonderful record in this Championship, and they are certain to put up a tremendous struggle next month. There should be a great fight between two of the best packs in England, and the scoring will probably not be extensive.

Next Saturday the Inter-Services Tournament, which almost invariably produces keen matches and excellent football, begins with the meeting of the Royal Navy and the Royal Air Force. The Navy v. Air Force series is entirely a post-war affair, and so far the Air Force have only three victories to their credit, the third of which was gained last year. It is a curious fact that each of their three wins has been by three points to nothing, which rather indicates a deficiency in scoring power.

This England



Ellens," Rudgwick, Sussex

THE garden or pleasance about an English country house reflects agreeably the nature of those who made it. That the plan should take a century or more to reach ripe beauty mattered little ; a greater pleasure is had of slow maturing. Rather did they seek permanence in pleasure than a bubble joy, forgotten in a day. That is very English — to make slowly and incomparably well : that is why you find your Worthington so good.

AIR EDDIES : By OLIVER STEWART

Manx 'Planes.

IN the earliest days of aviation, the tailless aeroplane was well esteemed. Weiss built one about 1908, and later there was the Dunne biplane. But afterwards the type fell into disrepute and tails were worn. Then came Professor G. T. R. Hill, who formed the opinion that tailless construction had special advantages for giving stability and control at and around the stall. In a small shed he built a tailless glider with his own hands and, in December 1924, he flew it with his own hands. It showed excellent control and stability qualities. Other people began to take notice. Professor Hill received a certain amount of support, and he built a power machine which was followed by a series of more-power machines, until he finally arrived at the military type with Rolls-Royce engine which appeared at one of the Royal Air Force Displays at Hendon. This was a two-seater with tractor air-screw and gunner's cockpit at the back of the nacelle. It flew satisfactorily, but it did not show—in the opinion of those who select machines for the R.A.F.—sufficient superiority over conventional machines to warrant series production. It seemed that the tailless type had come and gone. Yet now there is a possibility that it will return, and for a totally unexpected reason: because it offers advantages in the achievement of yet higher air-speeds.

With single-seater fighter top speeds around the 350 m.p.h. mark, and medium bombers doing over 300 m.p.h., designers have been wondering how on earth they are going to squeeze more miles an hour out of their new types. Engine power will, presumably, continue to rise, and from that there will be a slight advance in speed. But it takes a lot of power to get a little speed. The big advances in recent years have been partly derived from increased engine-power; but still more from aerodynamic improvements. Retractable under-carriages, the suppression of all external bracing wires and struts, the enclosing of cockpits, and the smoothing of surfaces: these have been the sources whence the high speeds of modern types have sprung.

Tail Drag.

IN the modern fighter of the kind well represented by the Supermarine Spitfire, almost all the cleaning-up possible has been done. The designer, pursued by the cry for yet more speed, racks his brains to try and discover a way of getting it. He looks at his machine with a fresh regard and observes that some twelve per cent. of its total drag is created by the *empennage* which includes tail-plane, rudder, fin and elevators, and by the rear part of the fuselage, the part which does nothing useful except carry the tail-unit. If . . . The train of reasoning is clear. Cut off the tail and the rear part of the fuselage, and, with equal streamlining, you have cut off twelve per cent. of the drag. Clearly in practice the gain cannot be so much as that, because, in order to get control and stability without a tail, the wings must be modified; but that *some* advantage could be gained seems fairly certain.

Professor Hill is of the opinion that full control can be secured in a tailless aeroplane without any vertical surfaces. (Tailless machines have mostly had vertical surfaces, mounted near the wing-tips.) For the rest, the "ailerons," by being placed at the tips of the markedly swept-back wings, can do the duty of both ailerons and elevators. That is, in fact, how a tailless machine may be controlled. I should hate to make a prophecy about tailless machines. But when we have had the flat engine, which can be housed entirely within



Poole, Dublin

ENTERED FOR THE OASIS CUP: MISS LILY DILLON

Miss Lily Dillon is a competitor in the International Aviation Meeting organised by the Aero Club of Egypt for February 22; she is an entrant for the Oasis Cup, the chief event. The engine is a Pobjoy Cataract II., fitted in a B.A. Swallow

the shape of the wing, it looks as if we *must* turn to the tailless design if we are to obtain any further reductions in drag. Anyhow, there are several designers in England at the present time who are looking at it with a good deal of interest.

Mermoz.

HOW difficult it is for a pilot who sticks to his appointed task, and who avoids stunting and propagandist enterprises, to receive proper recognition throughout the world! Jean Mermoz was without question one of the greatest of all air pilots. I forget how many crossings of the South Atlantic Ocean he made but it must be a number in excess of those made by any other pilot. In an appropriate

gesture, the director-general of Air France went out and scattered flowers on the sea in the place where it was supposed the Croix-du-Sud went down. The French papers, I understand, paid full tribute to Mermoz, his gallantry, and his amazing skill as a long-distance pilot. But the English papers said almost nothing about him. Yet, when Lindbergh made a perfectly normal flight in a light aeroplane, there was tremendous excitement; a "mystery" and a great rushing hither and thither for "news."

For some reason, Lindbergh cannot move a finger without sending the Anglo-Saxon Press into hysterics; while supreme pilots like Mermoz—who was positively one of the elect—fail to move it. It will be recalled that Kingsford-Smith's disappearance was also accepted without much notice being taken of his services to aviation as a pilot. My friend Henri Bouché, Editor of *L'Aéronautique*, has some important comments to make upon the death of Mermoz and his companions. "*Tous ces hommes sont déterminés—selon des proportions très diverses qui expriment leur nature ou leur situation modestement humaine—par les 'tentations' de la gloire que l'on aime, du beau risque que l'on prend et de l'argent dont on a besoin.*" M. Bouché goes on to point out the dangers of allowing a meretricious atmosphere of prestige and competition to surround the ocean air-mail services.

(Continued on page 322)



Piaz, Paris

A FRENCH RECORD-BREAKER: MLLE. MARYSE BASTIÉ

Mlle. Maryse Bastié is the equivalent in French currency of our Jean Batten. With all the pluck in the world, there is no feat of flying that she is not game to attempt

Every day is Thirst-day
when the syphon says...



Schweppes Soda Water is also sold in
Bottles — Large, Splits and Schweplets ...

PETROL VAPOUR By JOHN OLIVER

Running Costs.

WITH tyres up and petrol up, people are becoming exceedingly niggling about car-running costs. I get letters asking about this or that device for effecting economies and for increasing the miles per gallon and the miles per tyre. In the reduction of tyre wear and the economising of fuel, more can usually be done by the driver than by any mechanical device that has yet been brought to my notice. If you can make yourself drive for economy, you will markedly reduce your running costs. It is a matter of patience. The economical way of driving is the smooth, slow way. Speed costs money. Acceleration and braking cost money. Gear-changing costs money. Turning costs money. A smooth, straight glide is the cheapest form of motoring movement. There must be no rushing up to corners, braking, changing down, sudden locking over, swinging round with tyres a-scream and jumping away again. Gear-changing must be reduced to a minimum; the car must slow down almost imperceptibly and it must accelerate almost imperceptibly. If you carry the method far enough the time will come when you will find the car running on air—almost. But when I say gear-changing must be reduced to a minimum, I must add the proviso that pinking must be avoided. Pinking, for some as yet imperfectly understood reason, increases oil consumption.

That means that you must carefully consider the capabilities of your car—its weight and the compression ratio of the engine—before you change to a cheaper grade fuel as an economy measure. By using a lower octane fuel you may be increasing your expenses in other directions. You should drive on top gear as much as possible; but if you overdo it and the car is heavy for its power, the engine will pink. When I say stick to top gear, then, I mean within the limitations set by the car and the octane number of the fuel.

Harold Pemberton.

I cannot let the death, in an aeroplane accident, of Harold Pemberton pass without paying my small tribute to him. He was the motoring correspondent to the *Daily Express*, and I used to meet him at nearly all the big motor-car races in this country and abroad. Nobody could write the story of a race more vividly than he. He was able to seize the essentials and to present them picturesquely. Freddie Dixon would be the first to agree that he owed part of his fame to the brilliant way in which Pemberton presented him to the newspaper reading public. Sir Henry Birkin, too, owed much to Pemberton, and none of those who follow these things will forget the way in which Pemberton recalled Birkin's racing triumphs when Birkin lay on his death-bed.

It was a dramatic story; but it was also a fine tribute to Birkin. Then there was the "Blue Prince" story, when Pemberton saw and seized on the picturesque side of the racing methods of Prince Birabongse.

I can remember hundreds of Pemberton stories which seemed to me to touch the highest peaks of daily journalism. Yet his methods were casual. He would often arrive late. He would not appear to be taking any particular pains to gather information. He would wander casually about, smoking his pipe. But when he came to write the story he would touch it with imagination and bring it to life in an astonishing way. Once a motor-car manufacturer asked me who was the best motoring correspondent in London. I was able to reply without hesitation: Harold Pemberton.

Monte Carlo.

Wolseley again walked away with the coachwork and comfort Grand Prix at Monte Carlo, and it was pleasing to see a Hillman and a Riley so well up in the list of finishers. Daimler is another name that figured in the prize list—for engine finish. Altogether, British cars did well in the auxiliary classifications; but they were not high in the general classification. Nor is it pertinent to point out that the cars which obtained high places in the general classification were featherweights with high-powered engines. We have had enough experience of the Rally to know that this type is needed. Why, then, do we not enter it? Or, entering it, why do we not practise carefully and intensively?

The excuse seems to be the same one that we offer when "we fail in athletics." "Ah, but we in England look upon sport as sport and not business." It is a rotten excuse. Next year I should like to see Britain doing well again in coachwork and comfort and similar classifications in the Rally; and also doing well in the general classification, with at least one car within the first half-dozen. But if that is to come to pass, the time to get busy is now.

Oil from the Pump.

I mentioned the other day the special form of container introduced by the Wakefield Company for enabling oil to be introduced into the engine with less risk of contamination than exists with the ordinary open can. Now I have noticed at a West End garage a full-blown oil pump on the petrol-pump model. The garage attendant, when he filled up my car's sump, used a pipe line with nozzle and pressed a trigger. A dial on the tower registered the amount of oil delivered. This pump is also a Wakefield Castrol innovation, and the meter is approved by the Board of Trade. Personally, I am convinced that oil from the pump will be the usual thing within two years.

(Continued on page 322)



"Did she really?"



Why isn't there an overcoat in Johnnie Walker's wardrobe?

"I never wear an overcoat," said Johnnie Walker, "though I am not advising you to do without this estimable garment. Yet it's not the many cold winters I have seen since 1820 which have hardened me to cold. The explanation is that I have always "Scotched" the idea of winter colds, chills and influenza. You too will find that a glass of Johnnie Walker taken hot (with lemon and a little sugar if you like), before you go to bed, will deal with threatening colds in the quickest and pleasantest way.

"The reason for the extraordinary value of Johnnie Walker is to be found in the age and purity of the whiskies from which Johnnie Walker is so expertly blended. For your health, as well as for your enjoyment, *ask for Johnnie Walker by name.*"



JOHNNIE WALKER — born 1820, still going strong

Petrol Vapour—continued from p. 320

All the bottles and cans will by then be out of date. But I have heard one grouse about the pump method. A garage man told me that when a car drew up for petrol opposite the pump delivering the brand of petrol desired, it might be far from the pump delivering the brand of oil required. It would therefore have to be moved and possibly backed and wangled into a new position. This objection has some slight foundation; but I still believe absolutely in pump delivery for both oil and petrol. The design of future filling-stations will no doubt make allowance for this need in the siting of units.

* * *

Riley.

When I was talking about the good performance of the Riley in the Monte Carlo Rally I forgot to mention that Mr. W. L. Innis is an apprentice at the Riley works. He takes part in trials as a hobby and sets out with nothing more than a set of chains and a shovel in the way of special equipment. With his brother as navigator Innis won through from Umea, the most northerly starting point, and did well in the final start - stop - back - and - go tests.

Air Eddies—continued from p. 318**Three-Point Landings.**

America, in its effort to find the easy-to-fly aeroplane, turned to the three-wheel undercarriage in which the single wheel is in front instead of at the rear as in conventional machines. This type of undercarriage has its advantages for easy landing, and I am told that it is to be introduced in some new types designed primarily for private owners. Personally I have never found the nose-up, three point landing, with normal arrangement, difficult or peculiar; but it is the view of a great many people who have studied the matter that the aeroplane should be capable of being brought down and landed more or less in flying position. Hence the tendency to look to the three-wheel undercarriage with single wheel in front, or tricycle undercarriage.

* * *

Lord and Lady Baden-Powell are Presidents, Lord and Lady Somers Vice-Presidents, and Captain E. Beddington-Behrens Chairman of the Ball, which takes place at the Dorchester on May 21, in aid of the Charterhouse Mission in Southwark. Details can be had from Miss A. Bourne, 6, Blomfield Rd., W.9.

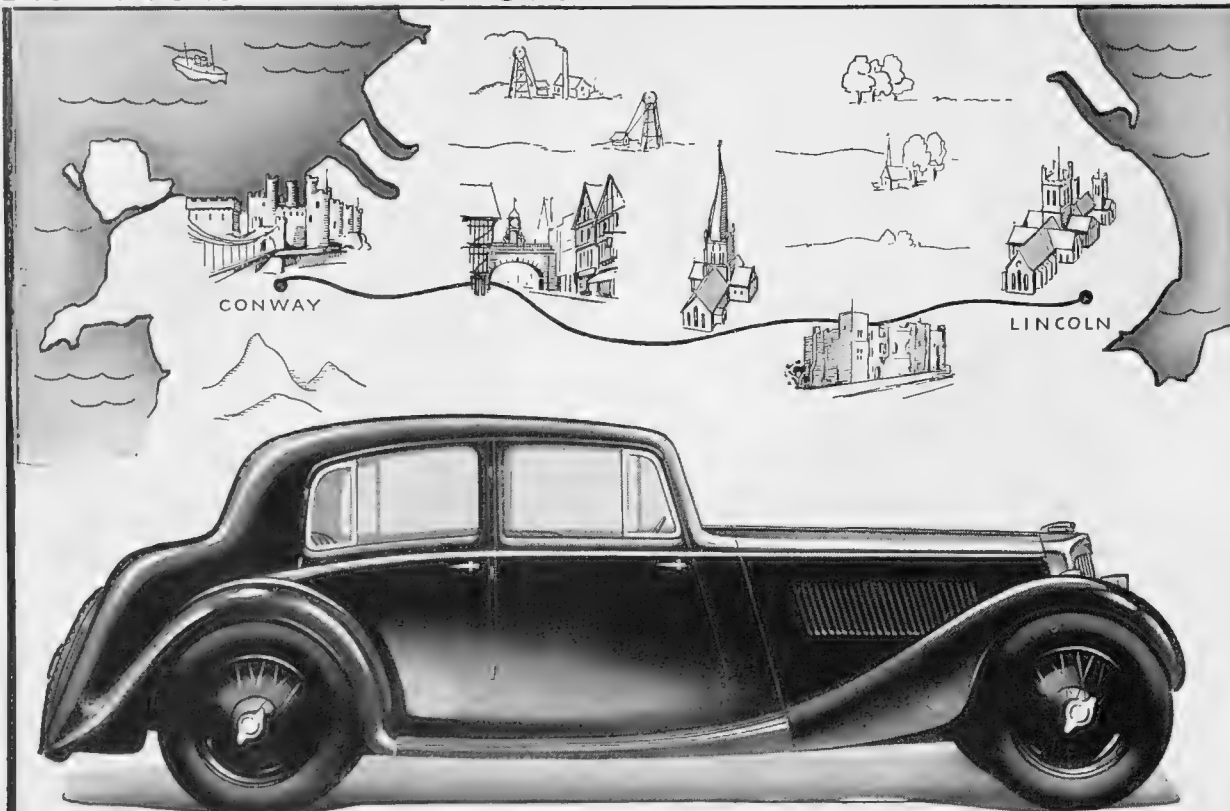


Holloway

THE PYTCHLEY ANNUAL MEETING, HELD AT EAST HADDON

At the Pytchley Annual Meeting the Joint-Masters, Captain R. Macdonald-Buchanan and Colonel J. G. Lowther, were again re-elected. Those in the group are:

Seated: Colonel M. Borwick (formerly Master and Huntsman of the Middleton), Captain R. Macdonald-Buchanan, M.F.H., Sir George Stanley (Chairman), and Col. J. G. Lowther, M.F.H. Standing: Mr. G. Hone, Captain R. Ransome, Col. H. N. Scott-Robson, Mr. H. Brown, Capt. F. Litchfield, Mr. T. Y. Castell and Captain P. W. Cripps (Secretary)

DISTANCES SEEM SHORTER IN THE ASTON MARTIN !

NEW "15/98" h.p.

ASTON MARTIN

fast luxury

ASTON MARTIN LIMITED, FELTHAM, MIDDLESEX

::

PHONE: FELTHAM 2291

*Proved in
Pedigree -
new in
Luxury*

PURELY track-bred cars are a shade too Spartan nowadays.

Luxury cars just miss that spark of Life. Now comes the solution — the new "15/98" Aston Martin. Speed with smoothness, racing tradition with luxury travel—here is a car that creates a new category for the enlightened motorist. Open Four Seater £575. Saloon £595.



Photograph by courtesy of "Autocar."

**FOR THE
SECOND YEAR
IN SUCCESSION
WOLSELEY
awarded
GRAND PRIX d'HONNEUR**

(Subject to official confirmation)

UMEÄ

For the Second Year in Succession a WOLSELEY car has been awarded the Premier Prize for Coachwork and Comfort in the Monte Carlo Rally—the coveted Grand Prix d'Honneur, only awarded when there is a car of exceptional merit.

And this, to a car—the 25 h.p. Wolseley Salon de Ville driven by S. C. H. Davis, the Sports Editor of "Autocar"—which had to battle 2,370 miles through the ice-bound roads of Europe from Umea, on the edge of the Arctic Circle—the most northerly starting point in the Rally, to the judging line at Monte Carlo, and yet reached there without the loss of a single mark.

What makes this achievement even more remarkable is the fact that the car is in every way a standard model as regards engine, coachwork and upholstery, and costs only £425!

MONTE
CARLO

Wolseley cars are fitted with Dunlop tyres, Triplex glass and Jackall hydraulic jacks.

**WOLSELEY MOTORS LTD.
WARD END, BIRMINGHAM, 8**
*London Distributors: Eustace Watkins Ltd., Berkeley St., S.W.1
Sole Exporters: M.I.E. Ltd., Cowley, Oxford, Eng.*

WOLSELEY
BUY WISELY - BUY
THE TRUSTWORTHY CAR

From the Shires and Provinces—cont. from p. 284

On the same day the South pack met at Blue Bridge and were able to draw New Parks for the first time this season—up to now it has been closed to us by shootists. Finding in Mills' cover, we had quite a nice hunt past Huby and Sutton to Stillington and back left-handed to the Folly at Hawkhill, where he beat hounds after 50 minutes. After several disappointing blank draws they found in Hundred Acre Wood, and, after running to Haxby Lodge, came round by Wood House and Hugh Roans, crossed the River Foss into the Middleton country, and killed in the open below Sheriff Hutton after a capital gallop of over an hour.

A biggish field turned up for the South pack's fixture at Marston Station on Saturday (6th) and it turned out a fairly good day, with hunts from Deighton Whin, Red House Wood and Rufforth Whin. The country rode terribly deep, though, and various complexions were muddled up even more than usual.

From the Fernie

A rapid change from winter to springlike conditions allowed us to hunt from Ashby Magna on Monday. Although the country was hock-deep, capital sport ensued. Having been refreshed by the Attfields, Charlie's Gorse provided the needful, and the field were soon plodding over the land on a gruelling hunt by way of Ashby and Gilmorton to kill on the Willoughby green lane. This brought up the bedraggled followers, some of whom bore signs of earth contact. The stranger, minus hat, sailed along like a bird on the wing, and the gasping field voted it a good half-hour.

A thrilling run from Peatling Spinnies later sent us over the cream of this country to Arnesby, where the pack had their fox beaten and killed him in the open. A real good thing, with all kinds of fences to tackle, and many people were left on their feet to recover their steeds. Thursday at Burton Overy attracted visitors from different parts of the Shires. Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Johnson, of New Jersey, who have taken Rolleston, made their début amongst us and had a good day. Foxes in numbers kept crossing during the morning; nevertheless, good fun around the Strettons kept the ball rolling and several riders as well who lost their seats.

The Old Coldstreamers' Ball at Harboro' on Friday, given

by Major and Mrs. Gilillan, saw many fox-chasers footing it, and every one of them was merry and bright.

From the Cheshire

A good week's sport, beginning on Tuesday with a hunt from Marbury. The afternoon gallop from Starkeys Gorse to Baddiley, via Woodhey Hall to Cholmondeley, was the best. Friday from Hargrave, too, produced one good hunt and a "might have been," but due to the "slight stigmatism" of an amateur whip, it is said, a fox left Huxley unobserved, resulting in a slow hunt to nowhere. From Hoofield into the Bunbury country was an extra good hound hunt, and they were very unlucky in not accounting for their fox.

Saturday provided three sharp laps, mostly from Ridley, each time to the hills, the fox winning the last heat from the Hon. Secretary by a bee's knee, arriving together at an open cavity. The latter dismounted with a lumbago action a second too late to sit on same.

Notice has been received of a wire ball taking place on April 2 at the Brine Baths. Nantwich, in aid of a certain district hunted over once a week pretty regularly from some point, and the organisers have asked us to point out, in case of any misunderstanding, that the profit goes to the district overdraft.

From Lincolnshire

Rain continues to fall with relentless fury, and low-lying countries are so badly waterlogged that they are almost unridable. Scent, however, has been good, and, when hounds have been running fast, struggling horses and riders have found it difficult to keep them in view.

The Blankney were in great form on their Welbourn day (February 6). A big old dog fox from Skinnand Plantation caught it hot as he ascended the cliff and crossed the heath to Digby Aerodrome, where he yielded his brush: Time 55 minutes, point 6½ miles. Another tip-top 90 minutes from Gorse Hill finished in Blankney Park, when it was too dark to continue. The rider on the bay who essayed to take the Lincoln ramper in two leaps fell on the tarmac, and was lucky to escape with a damaged elbow. Every quad was sorely tried and few got to the end. It is good news to learn that Miss Rosemary Sandars, now happily recovering from her fall, is to carry on the Southwold for, at least, another season.

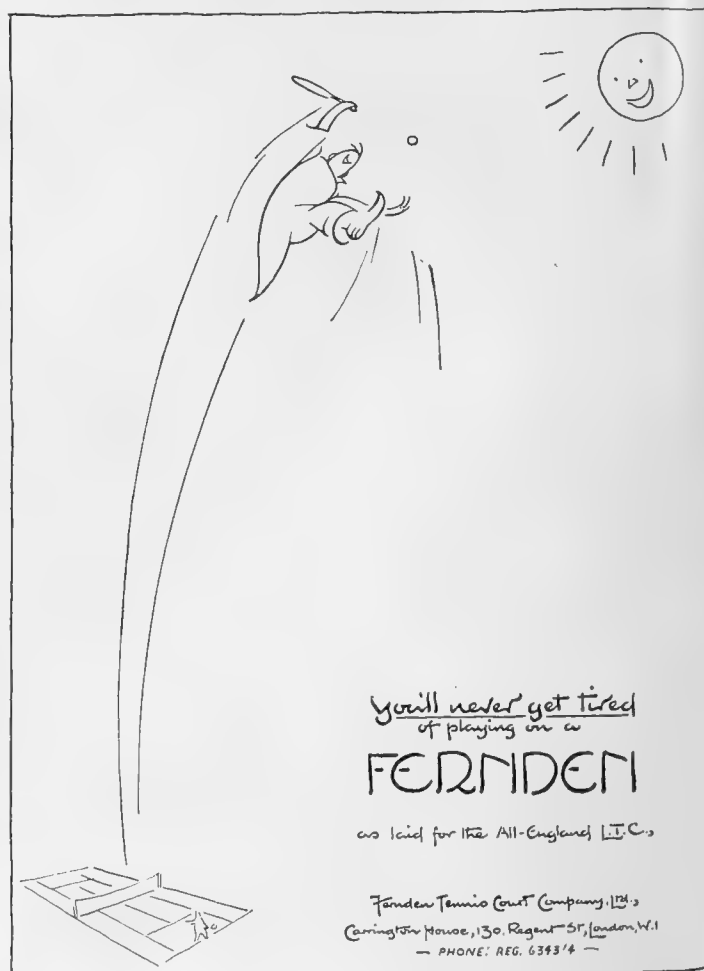


because she used a
HALF WAY dentifrice

Don't waste another day on half way dental care. Superficial cleansing may keep your teeth white—for a while! But when your neglected gums grow soft and tender, all the half way measures in the world won't preserve your teeth.

Now—while your teeth are still firm and sound—replace half way

care with the dentifrice that does both jobs. Forhans brand dentifrice whitens your teeth and fights the menace of spongy gums at the same time. Why stop half way in caring for your teeth when Forhans gives complete protection? Be safe. Get Forhans to-day. On sale throughout the world.





L a n s o n

The

p r o u d e s t
C h a m p a g n e
o f F r a n c e

T H E C H O I C E O F T H E C O N N O I S S E U R

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

By M. E. BROOKE

THE inevitability of the ensemble is explained by the veritable triumph of the tailor's art seen on this page; it has gone into residence in the ensemble and suit department on the ground floor at Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street. Let it frankly be stated that it is twelve and a half guineas. The coat has the new macramé lace effect; note the slimming lines on which it is cut. The colour is dark Torquay terra cotta; it is also available in other shades. The dress is of angora with elbow sleeves enriched with miniature revers and vandyks. By the way, it must be related that as usual at this date in the calendar this firm is making a feature of suits for £4. Then there are those of flannel of the classic and belted character, and others of Saxony and Yorkshire tweed. The Spring catalogue would gladly be sent on application

Picture by Blake





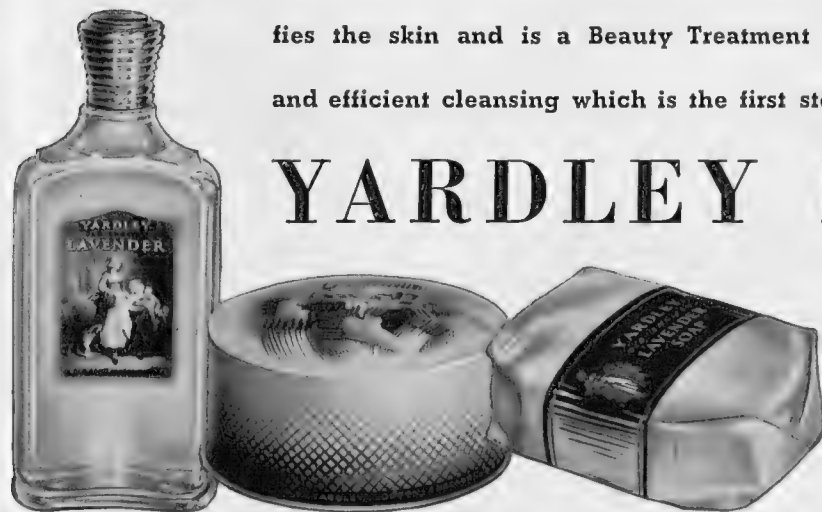
Fashion has set her seal upon the Yardley Lavender



BY APPOINTMENT

It is the one perfume which can be worn with perfect taste during daytime hours: the bridge party, the matinée, the many informal occasions—in the evening, too—when such an added refinement means so much to the charm of the moment. Yardley's Old English Lavender Soap—the luxury soap of the world—is luxuriously scented with the same lovable fragrance. Its soft mellow lather refines and beautifies the skin and is a Beauty Treatment in itself. It is unequalled for that gentle and efficient cleansing which is the first step in all sound methods of Beauty Culture.

YARDLEY LAVENDER



Yardley Lavender—the lovable Fragrance in sprinkler bottles, stoppered bottles and decanters 2/6 to 2 guineas; Yardley Lavender Soap—"the luxury soap of the world"—2/6 a box of three tablets; Yardley Lavender Face Powder 1/9; Yardley Complexion Cream 3/6; Lipstick 3/-. Prices do not apply in the I.F.S.





"All the world grows
young again"

SPRING SONG OF BEAUTY

NEVER is the countryside more beautiful than in the spring when Nature persuades the earth to bring forth lovely flowers and foliage. Elizabeth Arden (25, Old Bond Street) appeals to women to take thought of every detail that may enhance their charms. The picture that is seen in the mirror held by "Spring" represents the symbol of beauty. Portrayed at the top of the page are the necessities and luxuries. Reading from left to right, there is the Velva Cream, which nourishes the skin in a highly satisfactory manner after the latter has been thoroughly treated with the Cleansing Cream. The Skin Tonic is of exalted merit. Although not pictured the Eye Lotion must be mentioned, as it is soothing and beneficial to the eyes. When the Velva Cream Masque is used women feel that they are looking their best, while the bath mitts make perfect *bon voyage* gifts. Blue Grass Perfume comes in a category all its own; a small bottle is only twelve shillings and sixpence

NEW ENSEMBLES FOR THE SPRING

READY-TO-WEAR DEPARTMENT No 18
(SECOND FLOOR)



(Above)

A MOST BECOMING TWO-PIECE SUIT in a novelty Silk-and-Wool Mousse, trimmed with handsome collar of real Fox fur to tone.

In china-blue or amber. **18½ Gns.**

(Below)

A CHARMING TWO-PIECE ENSEMBLE in Companionate Fabrics of the new Oatmeal weave, trimmed with revers of Sable dyed Squirrel and lined with crepe-de-Chine. In beige, mushroom, sapphire.

12½ Gns.

SPRING CATALOGUE SENT POST FREE ON REQUEST

JAY'S
LTD.
REGENT ST.
W.1



SOMETHING DIFFERENT

FLATTERING are the cruising fashions, not overlooking the play suits and footwear, which may be seen at Fortnum and Mason's, Piccadilly. There is an indelible cachet about the suit above, with its white Kelwick jacket, printed scarf, belt and skirt; the cost is eight and a half guineas. There are a host of occasions when this affair may appropriately be worn

ACETATE silk makes the dress on the extreme right, with its unusually decorative design; it flatters and slims. The sun-suit is of cotton and is available in many colour schemes. The hat is of a non-committal character but, nevertheless, ultra-smart. Of basket straw, it is 25s.; it may be copied in other materials. As Fortnum and Mason excel in footwear, attention must be drawn to the shoes portrayed. The fabric sandals on the left have wooden heels and soles and are 29s. 6d.; then the brown leather and white buckskin shoes are 59s. 6d. Not pictured are the 49s. 6d. ideal deck shoes. They are of buckskin which is cleverly perforated and are provided with non-slipping crêpe soles and heels; naturally, they are light and flexible



Pictures by Blake

Bradleys
Chepstow
Place, W. 2.
BATSWATER
1200

Bradleys have just received their Spring consignment of fine quality Natural Silver Fox skins, imported direct from Prince Edward Island, and beg to inform their customers that choice can now be made from this new Collection at very special "between-season" prices.

One-skin Ties from 16½ gns.

Two-skin Stoles from 35 gns.



Picture by Blake

Women really enjoy using Innox Complexion Milk for it is truly exhilarating and makes the skin feel deliciously clean and alive. Besides whitening the surface, this lotion thoroughly cleanses the pores of all impurities

THIS AND THAT

Pertinence in Paragraph

Natural Beauty.

Really important is the cleansing of the skin, especially that of the face; that is to say, if it is desired to maintain the natural beauty. Now Innox Complexion Milk is kind to the skin, as it cleanses the tissues under the surface, and its purifying action renders the complexion soft and radiant after a few days' treatment. A few drops of the Milk should be poured on a pad of cotton wool and then smoothed over the face, neck and shoulders. It must be allowed to seep in for a few moments, then any superfluous matter removed with Cleansing Tissues; it is from 3s. 6d. a bottle. The Innox salons are at 38, Old Bond Street, where treatments as well as advice on beauty problems of various kinds and the art of "make-up" are given

Accent Your Personality.

Perfume is a very subtle reflection of personality, and great care should be taken that this is neither blurred nor exaggerated. Women who want a scent that is fresh but not ingenuous, sophisticated without being too heavy for general use, will be delighted with Guerlain's "Sous le Vent." This perfume should be sprayed lightly behind the ears and at the nape of the neck; it is light enough to be worn in the open air. A more essentially evening perfume is "Vol de Nuit," a Guerlain creation inspired by a lonely flight over South America, or there is "L'Heure Bleue"

Have Courage to be Frank.

If women would have the courage to be frank with themselves and not allow their figures to "go" for the sake of ease and comfort, graceful lines and harmonious proportions would be their lot. Now the Beautiform garments are designed by a great artist who has studied the precise scientific application of art to the requirements of modern dress. They have been described as the antithesis of corsetry; as a matter of fact, they are simple, supple garments cut on scientific lines. They support and control, and by eliminating restrictions and pressure assist the normal functioning of every part of the body and the recuperative processes of Nature. Furthermore, these garments give the natural balance to the body. Neither must it be overlooked that the spine is protected from pressure, thus restoring symmetry of line, especially where the vertebrae at the waist line are usually deflected, causing a hollow or sway back. It is impossible to do justice to the many excellent qualities of the Beautiform garments in words; they must be worn and annex the rights of faithful friends ere their true value is appreciated. An interesting brochure would gladly be sent on application to 78, Baker Street. Now a few words must be said about the special breast packs; they are washable and correctly shaped. They may be warmly recommended for wear after an operation, when the glands and tissues need protection, since they are light and very comfortable

Treatment for Unightly Hair.

Unwanted hair often causes great mental suffering and constitutes a problem which no one cares to discuss even with an intimate friend, but there is now a simple solution. Bellin's "Wonderstoen" is guaranteed to remove this blemish by rubbing away the hair quickly and easily. The skin should be thoroughly dried and the disc rotated, with moderate pressure, first from right to left and then with a reverse movement. There are no injurious chemicals to harm the skin, which remains smooth and soft. For the chin, cheeks and upper lip there is a small disc for 5s. 6d., but if arms and legs are to be treated the 13s. 6d. size is really more economical. "Wonderstoen" lasts for months, and can be obtained at chemists and stores

Coffee for the Connoisseur.

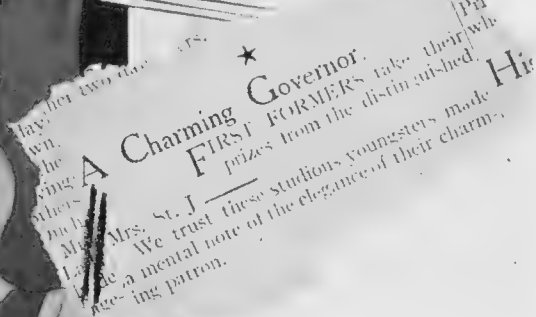
There is a general idea that no Englishwoman can make good coffee, but this national libel can now easily be refuted.

Picards, the coffee specialists, now at 6, Vigo Street, Regent Street, have designed the "Connoisseur's" Coffee Maker, a special percolator which unscrews in the middle, forming three separate parts. It has the practical advantages of being unbreakable and easy to clean, while

the filtering process ensures delicious coffee. This invention would be a welcome wedding present, as it is fitted for electric service, a gas-ring or a spirit-stove—in fact, equally well for a country cottage and a town flat. The prices are from thirty-five shillings

The Proper Care of Silver.

Silver should become more beautiful with constant use, since there is a slight hardness when the metal is new that must be mellowed with time and skilful cleaning. Though strong and durable, silver is relatively soft, and great care should be taken to preserve the lustrous gloss that is its especial beauty. Goddard's "Non-Mercurial" Plate Powder completely removes all tarnish, which collects even in an ordinary atmosphere and still more in fog and smoke; it does not, however, damage the delicate surface of the metal. Only the slightest pressure is needed when applying this preparation, which should be mixed with either water or methylated spirit to the consistency of cream and put on with a light rubbing motion. Goddard's also have a Liquid Plate Polish for those who prefer this method of cleaning; it is applied in the same way as the powder. With both these preparations an economical use is the most satisfactory, and only a thin film of powder should remain before the polishing begins. Silver suffers from strenuous rubbing, but Goddard's is a very fine powder which does its work with ease. It is ideal for use in the garage as well as the kitchen



★ *Smart tailored two-piece, trimmed with spotted foulard.*

TREASURE COT

Send for any of these free booklets (they come in a plain envelope)

- M. MATERNITY WEAR.** Frocks, coats, suits, corsets and brassieres
- A. EVERYTHING for the EVENT.** Cots, layettes, accouchement, etc.
- F. NURSERY FURNITURE.** Everything for day and night nurseries
- P. BABY CARRIAGES.** Rugs, prambags, folding-cars & safety straps
- C. CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.** Twelve months to eight years of age
- X. CHILPRUFE for CHILDREN.** Outfitting needs for small children

Mrs St. J— maintains a reputation for elegance in spite of a handicap which no one suspects. Treasure Cot frocks are keeping her secret very discreetly.



MISS ALINE BIRD

Vandyk

The elder daughter of Major-General Sir W. D. Bird and Lady Bird, of Glenturf, Camberley, whose engagement was announced last month to Mr. Jan Aleeson Delap, the younger son of the late Canon Delap, and of Mrs. Delap, of Ray, Co. Donegal.

Edward U'Ren, Indian Police, and Miss Agatha Janet Innes Pocock, the daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Pocock, of Newquay.

Marrying Shortly.

Mr. Eskell Dundas Andrews and Miss Yoma Hamilton Watson are being married on March 3 at Holy Trinity, Brompton; on March 5 Captain T. K. Walker, Royal Marines, marries Miss Isobel Edye, the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Huish Edye, of Leigham Manor, Plympton, Devon; and on April 3 Mr. Peter G. Agnew is marrying Miss M. Diana Hervey, at St. Peter's Church, Berkhamsted.

Recently Engaged.

Major Andrew Heveningham, Royal Army Veterinary Corps (seconded Trans-Jordan Frontier Force), the

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

Weddings Abroad.

On March 5 the marriage is taking place between Mr. William McKendree Wright, Indian Police, and Miss Ethel Mary Sheffield Hollins, at Hyderabad, Deccan; Mr. Patrick Hume and Miss Diana Fowler are being married on April 6 at Nuwara Eliya, Ceylon; and the marriage has been arranged to take place in India in the autumn between Mr. Cecil William

younger surviving son of Mr. G. J. Heveningham and the late

Mrs. Heveningham, of Sheffield, and Miss Eileen Patricia Roy, the only daughter of Captain and Mrs. D. W. Roy, of Zerka, Trans-Jordan; Mr. Hugh Geoffrey Herbert Waters, B.M., B.Ch., the Colonial Medical Service, of Thorpe, Surrey, and Miss Ethel Moyra Os-

borough, the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Os-borough, of Holywood, Northern Ireland; Mr. Richard Thomas Peacock, the only son of Mr. John Campbell Peacock and Mrs. Peacock, of Wellington, New Zealand, and Miss Sheila Catherine Brodie, the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Brodie, of Wellington, New Zealand; Mr. Edward Willoughby Thompson, Royal Artillery, the second son of Colonel A. G. Thompson, C.M.G., D.S.O., and Mrs. Thompson, of Truro, Cornwall, and Miss Anne Twiss, the younger daughter of Brig.-Gen. F. A. Twiss, C.M.G., D.S.O., M.V.O., and Mrs. Twiss, of Farnham, Surrey; Captain Henry Cleaveland Phillips, The Hampshire Regiment, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Phillips, of Andover, and Miss Dorothy Edna Ross, the third daughter of the late Mr. Ross and Mrs. Ross, of Abbots Ann; Dr. Norman M. Jacoby, the son of Mr. and Mrs. S. Jacoby, of Johannesburg, and Miss Leslie Oppenheimer, daughter of Mr. M. Oppenheimer, of Hampstead.



LE COMTE AND COMTESSE DU VAL DE BEAULIEU

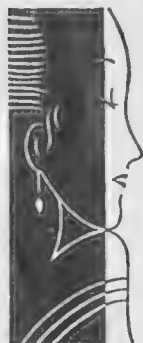
The marriage took place at Brompton Oratory on February 3 between Le Comte du Val de Beaulieu and Miss Enid Thomasine Loeb, the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Henry S. Loeb, of Chenies House, Chenies, Buckinghamshire



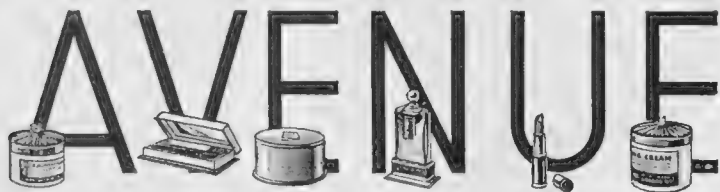
MISS ANN ROMER

Mannell

Who is engaged to Mr. Thomas Albert Hahn, the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Hahn, of Gt. Missenden, is the elder daughter of Mr. Carrol Romer, Master of the Crown Office, and Mrs. Romer, of Amersham



Complexion Milk the morning soother, nourisher and beautifier, 2/-, 3/6, 6/6
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Complexion Powder air-floated, amazingly adherent and the silkiest ever, 2/-
Perfume in harmony with your make-up and therefore with YOU, 2/-, 3/6, 6/6
Lip Stick a real advance on any you have tried. Lovely sheen and completely indelible, 2/-, 3/6
Cleansing Cream . . . Liquifies at a touch and floats away pore-impurities, 2/-, 3/6, 6/6

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Paris. sponsors 'hogskin' for hats. Pictured is a fine lightweight hogskin with a felt underbrim. It can be had, too, as a Breton or Beret. Lovely colours: white skin underlined with navy; oatmeal with brown felt; bottle green with brown felt; gold with brown felt; all black; all Coronation blue; all Coronation red. Sizes $6\frac{3}{4} \times 7$ **49/6**

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"The Head"—continued from p. 314

He saw it sometimes as he walked down a street, on the top of a passing bus, or reflected in a shop window. He mostly knew it for imagination: one of those tricks the mind can so cruelly play. Yet behind his knowledge lay the intuitive certainty that, sooner or later, he would have to face it again.

Now it was that he began to conceive the utmost aversion for anything in the nature of a dividing fence or partition above which only a man's head might show. He even began to dislike the idea of an edge of any description.

That, of course, was sheer lunacy. He admitted it, fought against it, but in vain. Finally, and in desperation, he called upon a famous brain specialist.

The specialist ordered change and rest.

The isolated village of Chaelsford, in Suffolk, was a complete change. Rest, however, was another story. . . .

The day was already closing in when Felton came upon the wharf. It had been frostily bright all day, and he had been tempted farther afield than usual. But now November's russet colours were swathed in cold fog that crept up the broad, mud-bound Chael estuary like an army of grey ghosts.

The wharf lay stretched out over the mud, in melancholy silhouette against the fast-fading light. A long, derelict pier of rotting boards and timbers. But what gripped Felton's gaze, held him fascinated with a kind of creeping horror, was the high partition dividing the length of the pier into two narrow platforms.

The nerve of all his feeling was centred along that partition; all of his irrational fear that, if he did not conquer it now, once for all, would assuredly conquer him. He knew, had known as soon as he clapped eyes upon it, exactly what he must do. Yet still he hesitated, delaying the moment when he must walk, like one who walks to execution, down the length of that platform.

And now he was caught. By his delay, frozen in by the treacherous dusk. . . .

Decision, at last, came to him. The decision, possibly, of despair.

Slowly, deliberately, as one in the grip of some strange and terrible dream, he set foot upon the rotten planking, began to walk down its shadowy length. The boarded partition on his left reached almost to the level of his eyes.

At the wharf's end he paused. His heart was knocking wildly, his senses strained taut. From his feet rose up a sound of infinite melancholy, the sound of water lapping and licking against the wooden piers.

He began retracing his steps—till but fifty paces separated him from triumph over his obsession. Then terror, that like a bird of prey with dark, outspread wings had been hovering above him, suddenly swooped.

He was not alone. Someone—*something*—was also walking with him, beside him, on the other side of the partition. That conviction, though it came through none of his senses, was like cold steel driven into his body.

He paused in his step and slowly turned, looking backward over his right shoulder. The certainty that only desperation knows informed him what he must see.

Yet not even his worst imagining prepared him for what he actually saw. His heart turned to ice. Instead of the sharp rising skull, the dark matted hair and tortured flesh, he was staring at the monstrous outline of the late John Bree's head, but enclosed in the hideous cap of the wretch who stands upon the scaffold.

One instant held him transfixed. The next, with a soundless scream on his swollen lips, Felton plunged forwards to escape the horror. A plank of the rotten flooring broke under him. He disappeared over the side of the wharf.

* * *

When, on the following morning, the body was discovered by a labourer, it puzzled the latter that the stranger's neck should have been broken from so slight a fall. At the point from which he must have pitched the wharf was but a few feet above the mud of the river bed. The exaggerated dislocation suggested a far greater drop.

It was not a pretty sight. Looking for something with which to cover the body, the man eventually noticed a dilapidated sack which hung, in the grotesque likeness of a human head, over one of the uprights in the partition that ran down the centre of the wharf.

THE END

Monte Carlo



There's Sun at Monte Carlo . . .

The ancients worshipped the sun. Who wouldn't? Akhnaton, husband of lovely Nefertiti and father-in-law of Tutankhamen, started the cult in 1370 B.C. The ancient Greeks and Romans offered their prayers to sun-god Apollo, ideal of manly beauty. We wouldn't go as far as that—but we'd certainly go as far as Monte Carlo.

340 days of sun out of 365 is the average for the last seven years. What more could any sun-worshipper desire? Think of the joy of always being certain of your weather! Never too hot in summer—never too cold in winter. They chose the best site on the Mediterranean coast for Monte Carlo—and, by Apollo! the sun realises it.

This winter the cost of living at Monte Carlo is cheaper than ever. In spite of the devaluation of the franc, hotel tariffs have not been increased, which means in English money a reduction of approximately 35 per cent. Railway fares and all other expenses show proportionate savings.

Visitors to the HOTEL DE PARIS, the HOTEL METROPOLE and the HOTEL HERMITAGE will

continue to enjoy the advantages of the "pension tournee." This makes it possible for them to take their meals as they choose, either in their own Hotel or at the Café de Paris, or at the International Sporting Club.

There are good hotels to suit every purse, full particulars of which can be obtained from Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son Limited, and all Travel Agencies.

CALENDAR

FEBRUARY—APRIL 1937

SOCIAL EVENTS: GALAS at INTERNATIONAL SPORTING CLUB and HOTEL DE PARIS; Battle of Flowers, March 6; INTERNATIONAL REGATTAS during March; Flower Show, March 28–April 4; Dog Show, April 3–4; Theatre—Season of Comedies and Operettas in progress at Beaux Arts Theatre; MONTE CARLO BALLETS (René Blum), April 1–27.

SPORT: Winter Sports—Auron, Downhill Race for Grand Prix d'Auron, March 21; Motor Boat Racing—outboards Grand Prix de Monaco, April 9–11; Monte Carlo Country Club (Tennis); INTERNATIONAL TOURNAMENT (Butler Trophy and Beaumont Cup), February 22–28; EASTER TOURNAMENT (Macomber Gold Cup, Duncan Trophy, Wills Cup), March 27–April 7; Monte Carlo Golf Club—Rivett-Carnac Challenge Cup, February 27; Walter de Frece Cup, March 6; PRESIDENT'S CHALLENGE CUP, March 19–20; Stanley Cup, March 29.

MUSIC: Concerts—Richard STRAUSS, March 12; KREISLER, March 17 and 19; RACHMANINOFF, March 24 and 26; Bruno WALTER, March 31; Adolf BUSCH, April 2; Ruth SLENCZINSKI, April 7; Gala of Modern Music—Florent Schmitt's "Psalm XLVII," conducted by Dimitri MITROPOULOS, April 14; Beethoven's Mass, April 16; Festival French Music, April 30; OPERA—Season lasts till April 10.



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Pictures in the Fire—continued from p. 307

Plain Military Meeting—with a well diversified card and seven 'chases with four Subalterns' events in it; and April 17, the Tedworth Hunt Bona Fide Hunt Meeting, which is what its title says plus the 12th Lancers' Cup and a race for Chargers. What more could anyone want? The course is a good one, all old turf, and its countries have been recently improved, and the obstacles are birch fences built under expert supervision. One thing to be noted is that membership is open to everyone and in no way confined to the soldiers. You can get five good days' steeplechasing for the modest sum of one pound, and any further particulars you want you can get from the Hon. Sec., Kirkcree Road, Tidworth.

It may savour of taking time a bit too strongly by the forelock, but I think the occasion of the banquet in aid of the National Association of Boys' Clubs, which is due to happen at the Guildhall on May 4, fully warrants it. It is an Association of which H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester is the President, and of which he is no mere figurehead, and it is badly in need of the sinews of war, for, ever since its conception about ten years ago, it has had to fight its way against the common foe of all of us, £ s. d. At present there are 1,300 clubs in existence dotted all over England, and the membership is 130,000. These figures need doubling, and that is being very conservative about it. There is an old saw about "catchin' 'em young and treatin' 'em rough." This Association believes in the first part but not in the



MOTHER AND SON: THE HON. MRS. J. R. TILDSLEY AND DAVID MARSHALL TILDSLEY

David Marshall Tildsley was born on November 12 last year. He is the son of Mr. J. R. Tildsley, of Headley, Surrey, and the Hon. Mrs. Tildsley, who is the younger daughter of the late Lord Marshall of Chipstead

second, and that, of course, is the right way. Exactly in the same way as anyone can ruin a young horse's mouth by bad hands, so is it with youth. Put the wrong bit in his mouth at the first go-off and you will turn him into a very bad puller; handle him right and you will be able to ride him with one hand and be certain that he will not let you down when the time arrives for you to set him alight and ask him to jump a nasty, hairy place. In the "information," which has been kindly supplied to me by the General Secretary, Mr. E. F. Piercy, there occurs this passage anent the basic reason for the formation of this Association:

"The only place which offered any prospect of either recreation or relaxation and excitement for boys with but a few pence to spare was the street, and here they would congregate in groups to gamble; or they banded themselves together in 'gangs,' who terrorised the neighbourhood by their own personal feuds between one gang and another, and in many cases criminal pursuits. This state of affairs went on for some time, and it became obvious that police and legal punishments were inadequate to deal with the problem; and it came also to be realised that the blame attached less to the youthful delinquents than to the circumstances in which they lived."

In these clubs we have the right antidote to hooliganism. They provide comradeship, sport, and P.T. on the physical side, and access to books, the study of music and the arts on the other; and in these times, when unemployment, let us hope, shows some slight glimmer of lifting its paralysing blight, the more preparation the rising generation gets the better. If you cannot go to the dinner I am certain that a cheque will amply fill the chair you may have thought of occupying. Lord Wigram is the Chairman and Lord Aberdare the Hon. Treasurer, and the address is 52, Bedford Square. I cannot throw out a broader hint than this.

What Vani-Tred means to me

*By an American
Cousin*
(STAYING IN LONDON)



We young women of the Brave New World must keep moving. So we VANI-TRED. Fit and forget, it certainly is with these marvellous shoes. Back home the VANI-TRED shops take loads of trouble to put you into just the right shoe because they know you'll never go wrong again. Out of forty to sixty fittings there's only one that's really you and yours. Any fashion-

able style you like of course — there are lots of them — but you must be faithful to your number.

There's a special feature★ too you ought to have explained to you—gives you greater treading area and lightens your step—it certainly seems to make an amazing difference.

With all this sightseeing I'm grateful to know my VANI-TRED specials are still at hand — British made too — hurrah.

★ In a VANI-TRED shoe there is an exclusive feature which eliminates the "air-pocket" normally present behind the ball of the foot in a high heeled shoe and responsible for 70% of the body-weight being concentrated on a very short area. By eliminating this empty space and giving a full-length tread area, the VANI-TRED feature ensures greater stabilization and lessens strain on metatarsal bones and ligaments.

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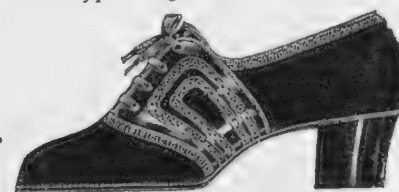
Grellda

Dove-grey is the colour of this five eyelet Derby shoe. The Cuban heel is of medium height and is covered to match the rest of the shoe . . . 35/9



Levisa

An Oxford style with a difference in black or brown glaze kid. "U" shaped throat with six eyelets and a 2 1/2" Spanish Louis Heel give this shoe a real touch of personality . . . 35/9



Doria

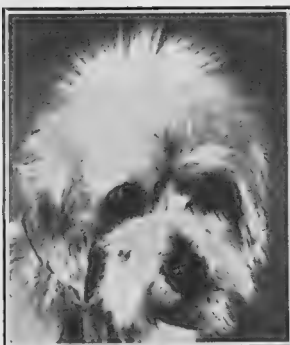
Here's a pukka spectator sports shoe—this time in suede and calf, with four eyelets and low leather heel. You can have this one in blue or brown . . . 29/9

LADIES' KENNEL

The death of Miss Cust is announced. Miss Cust was one of the pioneers of the woman's dog movement, as she was the first woman to qualify as a veterinary surgeon. In these days one does not realise how much courage and determination a departure of that sort required. Miss Cust was at one time a member of our Association and used to act professionally at our shows. She had of late years given up practice and lived in her charming house in the New Forest, surrounded by animals of all descriptions, chief among them the small working Spaniels she was so keen on. She died in Jamaica.

The Sussex Spaniel is fast coming to his own again. He is a very attractive dog, a beautiful golden liver in colour. As a worker in thorns and hedgerows he cannot be equalled; no covert is too thick for him, he can push his way through anything, and has a wonderful nose and great perseverance. Miss Wigg has a good kennel of Sussex and sends a photograph of a pair she sent to America to a lady who is starting a kennel. They are Hornhill Bellamy and Hornhill Marigold, who is a winner of two challenge certificates, but missed her third owing to being sent out.

The dog is also a winner. The lady is delighted with them, and writes that they both retrieve beautifully and are wonderful gun dogs, both in water and in thick covert, nothing too thick for them. Miss Wigg has a few youngsters for sale. Sussex make specially good house dogs as they have no "doggy" smell and are good-tempered.



CLOVER OF HAYLING
The property of Miss Hoyes

ASSOCIATION NOTES

To win the best of all breeds at a show like the recent National Terrier Show is no easy job, as the quality of the Terriers shown was very high. This feat was accomplished by Miss Benson's Sealyham bitch Nutfield Snowfall, whose photograph we give. Snowfall is by Ch. Hillsome Solo Flight, and won the Champion Certificate at Birmingham also. She is a wonderful bitch, as she is only just two years old. Miss Benson also won the certificate for dogs with Nutfield Schooner, by the same sire as Snowfall and Home-bred. Miss Benson's successful kennel of Sealyhams is well known, but even if one is used to success it is pleasant to win Best Terrier in the Show and both certificates at the National, so many congratulations to Miss Benson!

One of the comparatively newer kennels of Dandies which has done very well is that of Miss Hoyes, on Hayling Island. In one way this is not odd, as Miss Hoyes avoids the pitfall of having too many dogs; she only keeps a few, and those good ones. She has studied pedigrees with regard to temperament and has always been careful never to breed with shy and nervous dogs, so all her puppies are bold and full of fun. There is now a mustard

dog puppy for sale, five months old, also a pepper bitch, ten months old, house-trained and over-dispositioned — undoubtedly these are advantages to a person who only keeps one dog—to make room for spring litters. The photograph is of Clover of Hayling.

Letters to Miss BRUCE, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



SUSSEX SPANIELS
Sent to America by Miss Wigg



NUTFIELD SNOWFALL
The property of Miss Benson



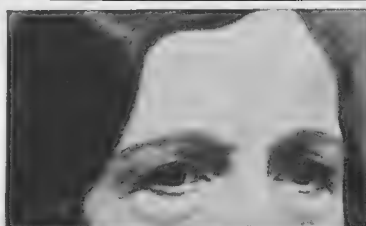
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Many other suggestions are to be found in our Blouse Booklet which will be forwarded on request.

W.1.

NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE



MRS. LAURA HENDERSON,
OF THE WINDMILL
THEATRE

Mrs. Laura Henderson, who is the owner of the Windmill Theatre, that home of those wonderful Revueville Shows, celebrated the fifth birthday of non-stop Variety on Feb. 4 with a reception and dance after the performance. Variety was supposed to be dead five years ago: Mrs. Henderson never believed this and proudly says, "Look at it now!" At the outset of her crusade she lost money. Now things are very much otherwise. A fine achievement. All her leading ladies in the picture on the right started in the chorus

Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, ask for £10 to help an old lady aged 78 and her widowed daughter. They live together in a small village in Buckinghamshire in a cottage for which they pay 7s. weekly, plus rates. The old mother met with a severe accident some years ago since when she has been helpless and often in great pain. Their income is £1 weekly (the mother's pension and 10s., the widow's war pension) and after the rent is paid they

have but a pittance for the necessities of life. Friends of the Poor are very anxious to give the poor women a helping hand—please send gifts.

At the Lyric Theatre to-night (February 17) Mr. Firth Shephard is presenting a new comedy by Stephen Powys entitled *Wise To-morrow*, with a strong cast which includes Nora Swinburne, Martila Hunt, Olga Lindo, Diana Churchill, Esmond Knight, Archibald Batty, and Naunton Wayne. It is produced by Athole Stewart, with settings designed by Aubrey Hammond. Mr. Firth Shephard has already three established successes running in *The Frog* at Princes Theatre, *The Housemaster* at the Apollo, and *Swing Along* at the Gaiety.

At the Streatham Hill Theatre this week that West End success, *After October*, is being presented with the original cast, including Leonora Corbett, Mary Clare and Iris Baker. Next Monday, February 22, Fay Compton and Owen Nares and actual Globe Theatre company and production in *Call it a Day*.



AND SOME OF HER LEADING LADIES

(Left to right): Edna Wood, Pearl Hackney (principal dancer), Meggie Eaton, Mollie Hallowell, and Doris Barry (Markova's sister)

The Coronation Exhibition of British Dress Designers is particularly interesting because it is the first occasion on which the leading exponents of British fashion have joined hands to aid a charity, in this case the well-known Sunshine Homes for Blind Babies, of which Princess Beatrice is President. Princess Beatrice has provisionally promised to open the Exhibition, which will be within a week of her eightieth birthday.

The Exhibition will be held in the Great Hall at Grosvenor House on the afternoons of April 7 and 8, and the stage management and production are in the capable hands of Mr. Peter Haddon, the well-known producer, whose name is in itself a guarantee of success.

This is, of course, no mere fashion parade, but an attempt to demonstrate the immense strides made by those British artists who have devoted their talent to dress. It will be a collection of all that is best in design, our leading dress designers showing their *chef d'œuvres*, thus enabling a distinguished audience to judge for themselves whether it is still necessary to even consider going to Paris for their smartest frocks.

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Leamington, the Garden Town of Saline Springs, is renowned for the Cure of rheumatism and kindred ailments, particularly in Winter, when its sheltered situation from Winter's worst weather affords much relief to patients. It has a bright social atmosphere—orchestra plays in Pump Room morning and afternoon—and it's so easy to get to London for business, shopping or a matinee.

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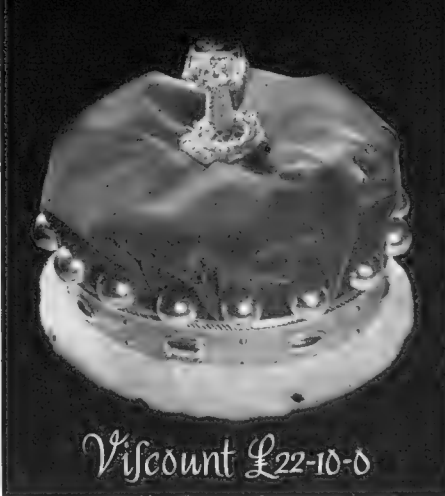
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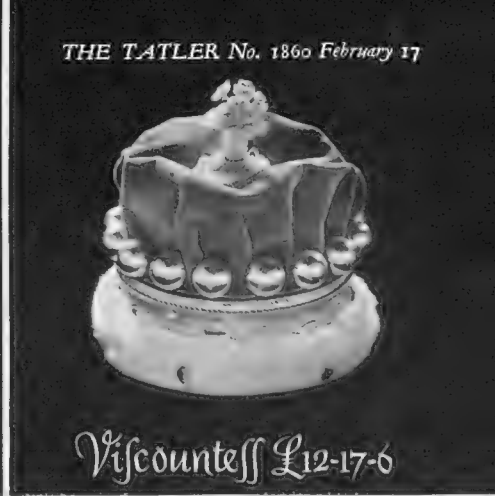
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THE SAXONS IN BRITAIN HAD A HIGH CIVILISATION BUT NO HERALDRY. HERALDRY came with the Normans, who introduced it to England with their new system of government based on land ownership by 'nobilis' (meaning 'known', i.e. a known person) who bore arms or emblems indicating their nobility and who owed to the king, on demand, so many soldiers, according to the extent of the land they held. All others were serfs—people hardly counted as individuals

BUT AT THAT TIME CORONETS OF SET DESIGN TO INDICATE RANK WERE NOT known. Coronets, like crowns, evolved through the ages from diadems and fillets, which were probably worn in the first instance to keep the wearer's long hair out of his eyes. These diadems gradually closed up and became crowns or coronets, according to the rank of the wearer. They grew to denote the cleric from the warrior, and so on. As late as 1375 the coronet was still not a specialised emblem of a particular rank, as is indicated by the will of Richard, Earl of Arundel, who left his three coronets to his three sons and daughters, and not exclusively to the heir to his earldom, so that it seems that the coronets were worn by anyone to indicate their high birth and rank

CONSIDERABLY LATER THE CORONETS OF BRITISH NOBILITY TOOK OFFICIAL FORM indicating the exact rank of the wearer, until today the correct coronets are as these sold by Fortnum & Mason—of silver gilt with caps of crimson velvet, turned up with ermine. It has been officially laid down that no jewels are to be set in the coronet, nor are the silver balls to be replaced by imitation pearls

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will give a running commentary and will also be available throughout the whole week in an advisory capacity. Harrods Corsetières will be in attendance.

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Belt in figured
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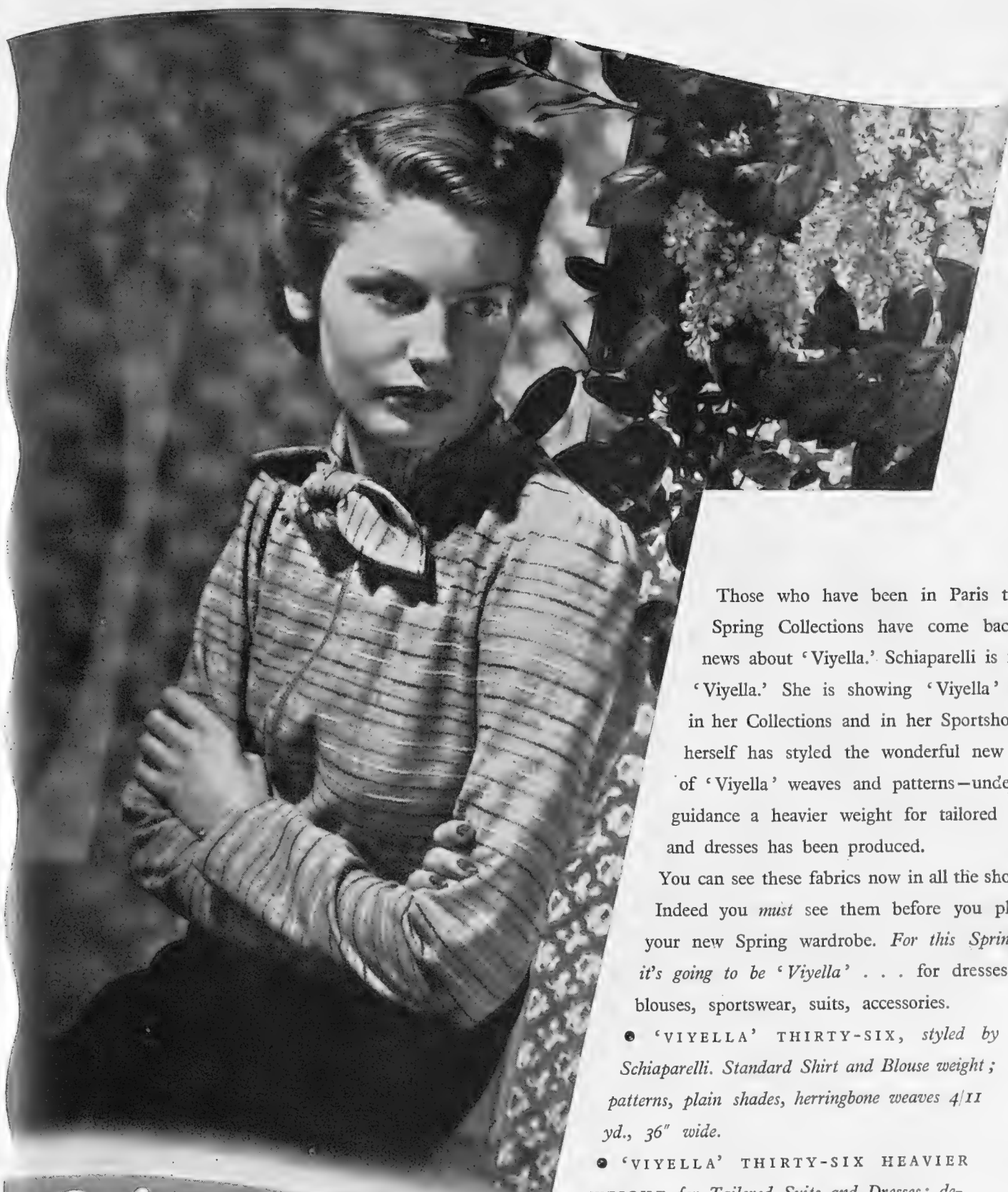
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● 'VIYELLA' THIRTY-SIX, styled by Schiaparelli. Standard Shirt and Blouse weight; patterns, plain shades, herringbone weaves 4/11 yd., 36" wide.

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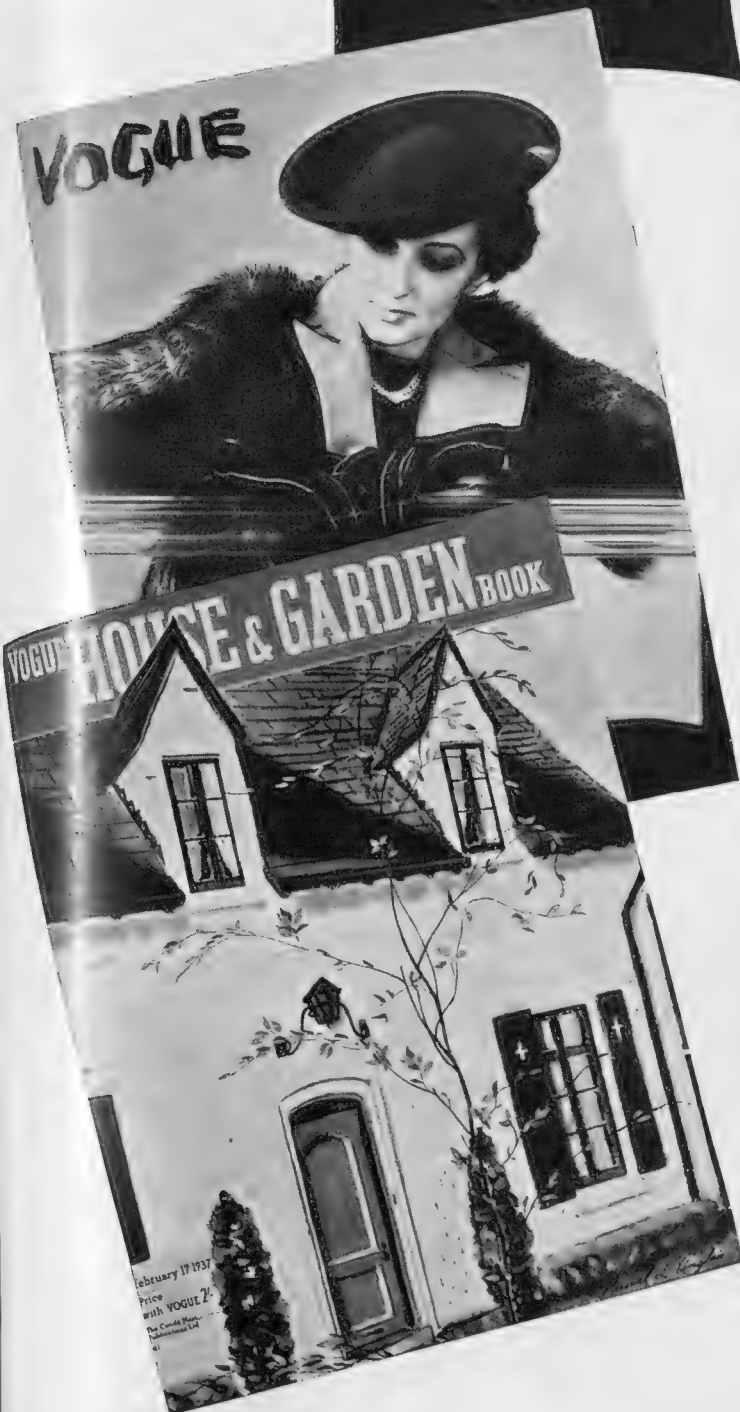
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